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CRISIS OF FRANCE IN N. AFRICA

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Labour's Chance of Winning an Election

EXACTLY ten years ago, some of Mr. Attlee's most influential advisers were telling him that an early appeal to the country would be disastrous; and when the results were announced, the Labour Party was as unprepared for its victory as Sir Winston was for his defeat. What Transport House omitted to notice was that the country makes up its mind about the Government it wants with very little regard for the mood and predictions of either Westminster or Fleet Street. What the politicians and the editors propose is one thing: what the electorate decides is usually something quite different. It is by no means impossible that, having taken a good look at that impeccable Tory quadrumvirate—Sir Anthony Eden, Mr. Butler, Mr. Macmillan and Lord Salisbury—the man in the street will feel that their shade of blue is too true for him, and will plump again for Mr. Attlee as the leader he can trust. We hope that, if this happens, the Labour Party will be better prepared for its responsibilities than when it faced the future in 1945.

What strikes the detached observer at present is the indifference of the average elector to the propaganda of the two party machines. Although the election is the only topic of conversation among professional politicians, it has so far failed to raise a ripple of excitement among those they represent. The Tory managers had hoped that the local government election campaign would lead into the national campaign and give a strong indication that the nation is grateful to Mr. Butler for prosperity at home and to Sir Anthony Eden for peace abroad. By good fortune these local elections gave the Tories a chance for a resounding success. Labour was defending no fewer than 409 County Council seats which it won in the 1952 landslide. On that occasion the Tory vote slumped to a record low, and it was not unnatural therefore for Conservative Headquarters to expect a swing of the pendulum this Spring.

That swing has not taken place. Although the Tories regained 159 of the 406 seats they lost, they could not claim any improvement on their abysmal vote in 1952. The gains were all made owing to a sag and, in some instances, a collapse of the Labour vote. Whereas three years ago there was Tory apathy and Labour enthusiasm, this year the apathy afflicts both sides. Of course, the newspaper strike, by damping down political controversy, had something to do with this mass abstention from the polls. At the best of times, local elections are small beer, which needs a bush to get itself consumed. But Sir Anthony, as well as Mr. Attlee, must recognise that the present mood of the voter is one of indifference. We suspect that overtime in the factory and television in the home are more potent causes of this indifference than the newspaper stoppage, and the party managers would be unwise to assume that it will vanish when the dispute ends.

In these circumstances, the party will win which succeeds in striking a spark on damp tinder. The 1945 election was won and lost long before the campaign started. The 1955 election will be decided by and during the campaign. It will not be a matter of Sir Anthony's winning Labour votes or Mr. Attlee's converting Tories to Socialism: the party will win which persuades the higher proportion of its supporters to go to the polls. In brief, it is party organisation which will probably decide the issue.

Since party organisation, however, means nothing except the enthusiastic voluntary activity of tens of thousands of unpaid party workers, one important conclusion follows: Mr. Attlee should address his appeal in the first place to the militant Socialists in the constituencies and trade union branches, and give them a message which restores their flagging spirits. Without their enthusiasm and hard work, the non-political Labour voter will remain by his television set on polling day in the General Election as he did in the local elections this month. But if the Party workers are inspired by a Socialist election programme, they could repeat, on a smaller scale, the reversal of the pre-election prophecies which was achieved in 1945.

The News in Review

On Wednesday evening the Court of Inquiry into the newspaper strike published its findings. They were categorically against the A.E.U. and E.T.U. "We think it most regrettable that these unions did not [agree to accept arbitration] before taking strike action. . . . In the light of the existing wage pattern in the newspaper printing and publishing industry . . . the present claim for an additional 58s. 6d. a week is unrealistic." The report concludes with the blunt statement that the men should return to work "without prejudice, on the basis of the employers' present offer"—*i.e.*, before the April 15 notices to the other men run out.

Whether this recommendation will be accepted by the maintenance engineers and electricians remains to be seen. Though the Court finds that their wages do not "show to [their] disadvantage" in relation to average earnings in engineering, it criticises the present negotiating machinery, and adds that "no method of negotiating general increases of wages in the industry is likely to be regarded as satisfactory by the maintenance men unless it provides for their being represented at all stages." This is the core of the discontent which underlies the stoppage. The Court recommends the establishment of a central negotiating body of all the 14 unions recognised by the N.P.A. Prompt acceptance of this proposal by all the other parties might influence the A.E.U.-E.T.U. attitude; but they are asked to wait patiently for "jam tomorrow."

The pressure on the A.E.U. and E.T.U. to accept the terms will be increased by the fact that, after Friday, most other newspaper workers will be without wages. On the employers' side, the mounting losses are so great that there are rumours that some papers are ready for separate settlements.

International

Moscow Radio, on April 9, broadcast a statement that the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R. has submitted for the consideration of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet a proposal that the 1942 Anglo-Soviet and the 1944 Franco-Soviet Treaties should be annulled. The explanation given for this step was that the Paris Agreements, now ratified both in London and Paris, "envisage the re-militarisation of Western Germany and its integration in military alignments directed against the Soviet Union." Since Moscow could hardly expect this diplomatic move to produce any reaction from either the British or French Governments, the purpose of the announcement may have been to alarm the German public by the suggestion that the projected German divisions would be flung into war for the West.

On the same day Mr. Molotov made a verbal *démarche* about Austria to the U.S. and British Ambassadors and the French Chargé d'Affaires. Arguing that the protracted efforts to conclude an Austrian State Treaty had been frustrated by the attitude of the West, and that at the Berlin Conference of February, 1954, the U.S.S.R. had proposed that the withdrawal of Occupation forces from Austria should be reconsidered in 1955, Mr. Molotov went on to say that "at present there are possibilities to contribute towards the speeding up of a settlement of the Austrian question." These "possibilities" lie obviously in the ("Daniel and the Lions") visit which the Austrian Chancellor is now paying to Moscow, where he arrived on Monday. The Russians' purpose will be to secure from Herr Raab a promise that, if Occupation troops are withdrawn, Austria will in no circumstances consider a renewed *Anschluss* with Germany, will not enter into any military alliances with the West, or permit the establishment of foreign air bases on her territory. The calculation is presumably that an undertaking by Austria on these lines might have some effect on German opinion: indeed, rumours have been circulating in London, this week, that the Russians may follow up this present move with an invitation to Dr. Adenauer to visit Moscow. Herr Raab, in a statement on his arrival, implied that he would not sign any pact with the U.S.S.R. before consultation with the Western Powers.

On April 18, representatives of twenty-nine Asian and African nations meet at Bandung, in Indonesia, for a conference whose agenda is being planned, this week-end, by the Premiers of India, China, Burma and Egypt. The meeting has several distinctive features. It is not a regional conference (Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Israel, and the two Korean States are all excluded); nor is it a conference of States with identical religious or political tenets: Moslem and Buddhist, Communist and non-Communist countries are included. Essentially, this will be the first great meeting of non-White people, called to study their problems in relation to the rest of the world. Common interests are to remove the remnants of old-fashioned colonialism, to promote economic development in backward areas, and to avoid world war. India, it is believed, may suggest the formation of an Asian-African Economic Council. Moot question is whether conflicts between Communist and anti-Communist ideologies will frustrate positive, detailed agreement on specific programmes.

Mr. Hatoyama is facing heavy criticism in Tokyo over the rejection by the State Department of his proposal that Mr. Shigemitsu, the Japanese Foreign Minister, should visit Washington. This week U.S. officials have been busily, but ineffectually, explaining that no offence was meant, that more preparation was needed for such a visit. Japanese popular opinion remains shocked and resentful. The U.S. may be right in claiming that the Japanese proposal was merely a gambit in domestic politics and constituted a diplomatic *gaffe*, but in the eyes of most Japanese (even those who blame Hatoyama for the crudity of his manœuvre), the U.S. rebuff is difficult to forgive.

At Home

The last political event before Easter was the announcement from No. 10 of the eagerly awaited Government changes with which Sir Anthony Eden introduced his Administration. Harold Macmillan to the Foreign Office in place of Eden himself; Selwyn Lloyd, Eden's special protegé, to replace Macmillan at the Defence Ministry; Reginald Maudling, Mr. Butler's most capable Economic Secretary, to fill Selwyn Lloyd's place at the Ministry of Supply; and a job found for Dr. Hill, whose appointment at the Food Ministry had disappeared with the Ministry itself, as Postmaster-General in place of Earl De La Warr. The latter, together with 70 year-old Lord Swinton (succeeded at the Commonwealth Relations Office by the Scottish Earl of Home) passes into oblivion. In addition, half a dozen consequential and completely unimportant junior Ministerial changes. And that was all—in effect the smallest shuffle that was possible. Sir Anthony Eden has placed himself in command of what is virtually Sir Winston Churchill's old crew. And that looks very much like an early election, with a completely new Administration of Sir Anthony's choosing only when it is safely over.

The evidence laid before the newspaper Court of Inquiry last week fell under two heads. First, the merits of the money claim by the A.E.U. and E.T.U. Briefly, their case was that the basic weekly wage was now about 76 per cent. higher than in 1939, as compared with a cost of living increase of 133 per cent. The employers' offer would make the basic increase 85 per cent.; their demand was for 125 per cent.—a demand based on the profitability of the industry, and the additional skill and responsibility now involved in the work. To this the reply of the N.P.A. was that, since 1939, basic working hours had been reduced by 10 per cent., and, though admittedly average wages in the engineering and electrical industries had risen by over 120 per cent., the demands made by the A.E.U. and E.T.U. would put their members' pay out of step with those of other trades in the production of newspapers.

The second point related to the industry's method of wage negotiation. The union spokesmen complained that the N.P.A., after discussion with the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation, decided on a "global sum" which could be added to the wage bill. The engineers and electricians, who were left out of these discussions, demanded the right to negotiate directly with the N.P.A., who had so far taken the line that what was good enough for the others must be good enough for them. The N.P.A.'s argument was that, having to deal with 13 trade unions and 22 separate wage agreements, they could find no other practical means of negotiation.

With the issue of German rearmament now disposed of, the Easter conferences broadened their focus. The Co-operative Party at Scarborough endorsed the plan for a Ministry of Consumers' Welfare and, after condemning U.S. policy in the Far East, went on to carry against the platform a strongly worded motion urging Labour to repudiate "police action" in Malaya and to grant self-government to Cyprus. The U.S.D.A.W. conference at Blackpool carried a motion making the rate for the job a condition in future wage negotiations for shop assistants, and urged immediate high-level talks with Russia preceded by a joint declaration by the Powers renouncing force as a means of changing frontiers or governments. By a vote of 110,000 to 55,000, with many abstentions, U.S.D.A.W. decided not to oppose British manufacture of the H-bomb. The Clerical Workers' conference repudiated its executive's demand for disciplinary action against Mr. Bevan. The Journalists, at Margate, decided to press their wage claim, and urged members to abstain from writing anything encouraging racial tensions or inciting nations to nuclear warfare.

The Survey Board appointed by the Transport Commission recommends that one-third of British canals (mileage 771) should be closed. Seven other canals (mileage 336) should be developed; and nineteen (mileage 994) temporarily retained.

An offer by the Port Employers to increase dockers' wages by 2s. per day (8 per cent. for piece-workers) with effect from April 18 was accepted on April 6 by the T. & G.W. and General &

Municipal Workers. The minimum datal rate will now become 26s.

BEFORE the recess, the Postmaster-General told the Lords that it was hoped to start, early in 1956, a system whereby telephone subscribers within 20 miles of central London could dial WEA and obtain a weather forecast, corrected four times daily. *Bis dat errores qui cito dat?*

Overseas

IN Bonn, two questions will absorb the attention of Parliament after Easter—the promised inquiry into the dismissal of Colonel von Bonin, and the interpretation of the Franco-German agreement about the Saar. As the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* has explained, the key point in the Saar issue, which the S.P.D. intends to press, is the ownership of the Röchlingwerke steel plant. In 1945 the Röchling family was dispossessed, on the ground that its two senior members were war criminals; and since then the plant has been administered by a French trustee board. The Anglo-French agreement provided that sequestration of the works should be, according to the German text, "removed," or according to the French text, "liquidated." French offers to "liquidate" the affair by cash compensation have been rejected by the Röchling family; and Bonn is likely to press insistently for the return of a plant which accounts for 35 per cent. of the whole Saar production of steel.

The threatened strike of Ruhr coalminers has been averted by the mediation of the Federal Minister of Economics. An average wage increase of 9.4 per cent. has been agreed, against 12 per cent. originally demanded by the miners and 6 per cent. offered by the employers.

WASHINGTON news is that Mr. Dulles has summarily dismissed Edward J. Corsi from his post as special assistant on immigration matters. Three months ago, in appointing Mr. Corsi, Secretary Dulles described him as "the best qualified man in the United States to help solve the difficult problems created by the Refugee Relief Act of 1953." Mr. Corsi was disliked by the author of this "Exclusion" Act, Representative Walter, and by Mr. Scott McLeod, the State Department official and avowed supporter of Senator McCarthy, who has been administering U.S. immigration policy effectively to restrict entry. Fewer than 15,000 visas have been issued under the Act, though it permits an intake of 209,000 in three years. Mr. Corsi, who had returned from a tour of Europe, had devised a scheme to speed up admissions and to by-pass Mr. McLeod. This led Representative Walter, prompted by Mr. McLeod, to attack Mr. Corsi for membership of a "front" organisation in the Thirties. Mr. Dulles abjectly surrendered.

In a related field, Mr. Dulles has made an appointment acceptable to the McCarthy wing of his party. On the retirement of Miss Ruth Shipley, who had run the Passport Division with an iron and discriminating hand for twenty-seven years, Mr. Dulles nominated her choice as successor. Miss Frances Knight, who now decides on the issue and withdrawal of passports, has been a member of McCarthy's "loyal American underground," first in the Voice of America and, latterly, as a special assistant to Mr. Scott McLeod.

Mr. Benson, U.S. Secretary of Agriculture, was reported on Tuesday as considering an export subsidy for cotton. High support prices and shrinking overseas markets have led the U.S. Government to increase stocks from 2.3m. bales in 1951 to 10.5m. this year. At the same time, the domestic consumption of cotton is falling in face of competition from synthetics and the acreage for production has fallen from 21.4m. last year to 18.2m. in the current year.

On the tenth anniversary of President Roosevelt's death, success was claimed for the vaccine against poliomyelitis, developed by Dr. Jonas Salk, of the University of Pittsburgh. The report on a test using a control group of two million children showed that vaccination conferred a high level of immunity (80-90 per cent. is claimed). The Salk vaccine will now be released for general use in the U.S., where polio reaches epidemic level. British medical opinion, always reserved about U.S. claims for "wonder drugs," gave a cautious welcome to the Salk Report; the American tests were "encouraging," and clinical tests in this country were being arranged.

FRENCH vinegrowers in the *départements* of Hérault and Gard, in revolt against the low price of common wine (the market for which is flooded by exports from Algeria), have been blocking main roads; and the mayors of Hérault have all tendered their resignation—the implied threat being that this will disrupt the forthcoming council elections. The object of the protest is to compel the Government to buy surplus wine, at increased prices, for the production of industrial alcohol. But here, too, the French market is glutted. The solution of the problem is to turn land over from vines to cereals; but, despite proferred State aid for this purpose, little progress has been made with the efforts to change land use in the South of France.

General Koenig, Defence Minister, has appointed a Commission, headed by General Catroux, to investigate responsibilities for Dien Bien Phu "on all levels of command." It remains to be seen whether this phrase excludes "political" responsibility.

M. Faure, reversing what was understood to be the policy of France, has announced that French thermo-nuclear developments will be confined to peaceful, industrial purposes. France will not manufacture either H-bombs or A-bombs.

THE Kenya Government announced last week a development plan for the Colony based on the expenditure of about £24m. in the next 3½ years. Relative expenditures within this total: local government, health and housing—£4,378,734; agriculture—£4,188,098; "expenditure on capital installations necessary for the preservation of law and order" (largely police barracks and prisons)—just over £4m. Observes the Kenya Government itself of this last figure ". . . nothing less than tragic. But such are the realities of the contemporary situation." Meanwhile the 3-year plan ("a shorter period is necessary in the present emergency for planning development") replaces a previous 10-year plan which had become "unrealistic as it neared completion." More significant, however, was the Government warning that all accumulated funds for development had been exhausted and that contributions from the revenue could not be expected in future: Kenya's requirements of capital funds, after the current development plan, would be around £27.5m., but the availability of adequate loan funds was at present very doubtful.

SOUTH Africa's Parliament was told on April 5 by Mr. Louw, Minister for External Affairs, that the Cabinet had decided that the Union should withdraw from Unesco. This step, threatened but not taken in 1953, reflects the Government's anger at Unesco's "interference" in South Africa's racial problems.

Turin

Italian Socialist Congress

Our Rome Correspondent writes from Turin: The 21st Congress of the Italian Socialist Party (P.S.I.) may prove to be of historic importance if the parties of the present coalition react significantly to the trend which the Congress has shown. The main feature of the Congress was the recognition by the P.S.I. that, in view of the overwhelming need to save the world from the H-bomb, certain extremist positions may have to be modified. That is the reason for Nenni's desire that the Christian Democrats should work for an "opening to the Left." His condition for a working alliance with the Christian Democrats was that the Government should cease its anti-Communist crusade. On those terms he was prepared to collaborate on a programme of land reform, more State participation in industry, Italy's exploitation of her own petrol, and limitations of monopolies.

This policy is regarded dubiously by the more rigid members of the Communist Party, who see in it an attempt by "bourgeois" Socialists to weaken the bond between the P.S.I. and the C.P. Such doubts, indeed, were expressed in some of the speeches at the Congress—e.g., by Russo, the Sicilian Deputy. Nenni, however, declared—to sustained applause—that "the policy of unity with the Communists is for Italian Socialists a definite and acquired thing." Morandi, Vice-Secretary of the Party, said, in his speech, that whereas Western Social Democrats generally had lost themselves in a mass of contradiction, chief of which was anti-Communism, the P.S.I. had struggled to preserve its individuality. He, too, was in favour of "talking" to the Catholics.

There is, of course, no question of any agreement between Nenni and Scelba; the question is whether Fanfani, the Secretary of the Christian Democrat Party, will see any virtue in collaborating with the P.S.I. on social reform.

Nairobi

More White Immigrants

Our Kenya Correspondent writes: Fundamentally important changes are taking place in the perpetual immigration campaign of Kenya's European community. In the first place, the accent is being completely shifted from "British" to "White" immigration. No longer is it considered practical, as hitherto, to insist on immigrants of "pure British descent." "We want White faces here," declares a European spokesman, "and we can soon tell them what we want." It is particularly hoped that "more and more people would come from the Dominion of South Africa." Secondly, accent is also shifting as regards the type of White immigrant sought. Formerly the net was cast for the capitalist, the industrialist or the agriculturist; now "working-class Europeans of any nationality" are the target. Says Mr. Humphrey Slade, a Member of Legislative Council, "We have looked too much to the European immigrant as a boss, and not enough to his value in the lower levels of employment." Whites of this class, however, are to be carefully "screened" to make sure that, politically, they are of "the right type."

Co-operation in this campaign is expected from the Government, notably in the form of exemptions from several provisions and conditions of the immigration law. It is particularly hoped that, in the case of the European immigrant, the law will no longer insist that an employment in the Colony should have already been secured at the time of applying for entry.

Adlai Stevenson's Challenge

In a nation-wide broadcast on Monday evening, Mr. Adlai Stevenson bluntly told the President what millions of Americans are thinking about the Administration's "policy of extravagant words" in the Far East. "It has," he said, "alarmed our friends a good deal more than it has deterred the aggressors," and he insisted that to defend Quemoy and Matsu in the face of world opinion would irreparably weaken "our grand alliance of free nations." Mr. Stevenson has said what the Democrats in Congress should have said—and perhaps would have said if they had not been gagged by their uncritical endorsement of the President's emergency message on Formosa last January. One or two of them, indeed, have spoken out. On March 30, Senator Kefauver told the Senate that there are forces in the Administration

> . . . so powerful and apparently so eager for a war with China that they are becoming almost impossible to resist. That the United States should be plunged into a war over Quemoy and Matsu ought to be unthinkable. Yet there are those in the present Administration who are plotting and planning to bring such a war about, whatever the risks. . . .

Now Mr. Stevenson's biting criticism has at last put the issue of the islands squarely enough to drive Mr. Dulles to defensive bluster.

The President and Mr. Dulles have undoubtedly been as much impressed by the domestic reaction against Admiral Carney's indiscretion as by the open refusal of London and Ottawa to endorse the defence of the coastal islands. Mr. Dulles, indeed, used his press conferences last week and this to stress that there was no U.S. pledge to fight for Quemoy and Matsu. This remarkable change of emphasis was clearly intended to leave the door open for the President should he decide to let the Nationalists and Communists fight it out without American intervention.

The President, however, has been manœuvred into a position of real difficulty. He has refused to give way completely to the war lobby, which wants a flat declaration that any Communist assault on the islands would provoke atomic retaliation against China proper. Yet he has gone so far that to leave the Nationalists without U.S. support, or to urge Chiang Kai-shek to evacuate the islands, would permit the Republican extremists to attack him for appeasement. Better for him if he had not made his January message so deliberately and dangerously ambiguous. The preventive war faction knows how to consolidate each concession it extorts.

There seems to be a curious belief in Washington that Peking will help rescue President Eisenhower from his dilemma. If only the Chinese Communists would agree to leave Formosa alone in return for the coastal islands, then—the argument runs—the Administration could give them up without serious protest from anyone except Chiang and the group in America that ceaselessly backs his cause. But the Chinese are not interested in a deal of this kind. They have, in fact, explicitly refused to consider it. How, they ask, can they agree to accept islands that everyone except a few U.S. politicians recognises are Chinese territory, and give up what they consider to be their equally legitimate claim to Formosa? The question is unanswerable. There would be no dispute to be settled, no danger to world peace if the U.S. were not allied to the losing side in a civil war, and seeking, at the risk of world war, to impose its own terms of peace.

Mr. Dulles and Admiral Radford have done their best to disguise this unpalatable truth by rhetoric about the "free world." Some of their phrases sound enough like war-mongering to be most useful propaganda for the Chinese. The Administration has therefore decided to seek another way out of the difficulties created by its threats. It is now actively lobbying Britain, France and the Commonwealth for a joint guarantee to defend Formosa—in return for the abandonment of the exposed positions in Quemoy and Matsu. Having failed to strike a bargain with Peking over these islands, Washington is now using them as counters in a diplomatic game with its allies. The point of such a guarantee is not to provide military security for Formosa; it is to give cover to the collapse of the Eisenhower policy towards the coastal islands, and to secure what Mr. Dulles failed to secure at Manila and Bangkok—the permanent commitment of Britain and the Seato Powers to the preservation of Chiang's regime.

This new American approach has been accompanied by much talk about "the two Chinas." Britain, it is suggested in Washington, might accept Chiang as the ruler of Formosa and the Pescadores if, as a concession, the U.S. recognised Peking as the effective government of China, with a seat in the United Nations. But is there any reason to think that this solution would be accepted by Peking? Would Communist China, indeed, even accept a settlement for Formosa which substituted a U.N. or neutral trusteeship for Chiang's regime? And were Britain to accept this foolish—if tempting—policy of "two Chinas," it would inevitably result in a drastic reversal of Britain's attitude towards Communist China and our association with the defence of Formosa. The proposed resolution for the U.N. Assembly, "opposing the use of force" in the Formosa Straits, is an oblique method of seeking the same end.

There can be no negotiated settlement so long as the U.S. seeks legal and diplomatic excuses for maintaining strategic control over an island that belongs to China. There may be ways in which the Americans can ease their withdrawal and ensure that the eventual transfer to China takes place with decency and under guarantee. But all such devices, whether they take the form of trusteeship or plebiscite, must start from the proposition that eventually Washington must wind up its intervention in the Formosa Straits. The Chinese must choose whether they allow time and the pressure of Washington's allies to accomplish this, or whether they precipitate a crisis which would give the preventive war advocates their chance. No one, however, can expect them to announce their policy and their time-table simply to rescue American politicians from an embarrassing situation.

Schoolboys or Boy Soldiers?

Six months ago a lad serving in an Army Boys' Unit at Plymouth was set upon, one Sunday morning, by a dozen of his comrades and systematically ill-treated for about forty minutes. The lad, in agony of body and mind, killed himself: several of his assailants are now in prison: a court of inquiry decides that there has not been such neglect of duty by the staff of the unit as would justify disciplinary action, but two of the staff now find themselves elsewhere, engaged on other duties: the nation is assured that this is, after all, an isolated incident. This pattern—tragedy, scandal, and an unhappy recognition by authority that the punishing of individual scapegoats will be useless and unjust—has occurred before in many settings, private and public, civil and military. At this point, however, the pattern was varied by the wise decision to appoint a committee of inquiry into the administration of Army Boys' Units as a whole. The need for this has now been emphasised by a grim sentence in the committee's report (Cmd. 9433) which implies that although the fatal result which occurred at Plymouth is exceptional, bullying and serious misconduct are not.

The report surveys the lives of several thousand boys, some in Army Apprentice Schools, others in Regimental Boys' Units. Unfortunately, the committee do not always make clear which of their criticisms apply to which of these two types of institution, though they are agreed that the Schools are better fitted for their job and less open to reproach—a conclusion which will be accepted by anyone with experience of the problem. The Schools train boys for skilled work in R.E.M.E., Signals and Ordnance; consequently, they require from entrants a reasonable degree of ability, and the technical training gives purpose and cohesion to the life of the school: standards are maintained because the Schools are inspected by the Ministry of Education. Common sense suggests that these advantages should be extended to the Units, and it is already proposed to arrange for inspection and to exclude boys of severely limited intelligence. Yet the Units, aiming at producing Infantry N.C.O.s and less skilled men, will still lack the technical training which is the mainstay of the Schools: in its place, they must seek after a good standard of general education. They must cease to suppose that military training with (as the report puts it) "unnecessary repetition and too much detail" can give a school purpose or self-respect.

Care and thought are the more necessary because of the number of "problem boys" involved. Under this general heading we may distinguish four types (1) Those who, after a finding of guilt in a Juvenile Court, have been put on probation or sent to an Approved School. (2) Those who have not been dealt with in this way because either the boy, his parents or the Probation Officer have persuaded the Bench to regard the Army as an alternative. (3) Those who, without any finding of guilt, have been deemed in need of care or protection. (4) Those who have not come before the courts, but whose parents have found them troublesome. In law, these are very different categories: in practice, they have in common an especial need for

security, affection, occupation. All four types together make up only a small proportion of Army boys, yet it is a larger proportion than would be found in any ordinary school—large enough, if supervision is careless or inept, to infect a whole school with barbarism. Yet it would be unfair to these boys if the Army, in which many of them do well, were closed to them. The War Office, therefore, must recognise the real nature of the responsibility it has shouldered: it must appreciate the force of the main argument of the report, namely, that what these boys need is not a life which is a juvenile imitation of soldiering, but a school-life—a solid framework of good teaching and intelligent ordering of activities.

Developing this theme, the report points out how unwise it is to leave boys at a loose end for two or three hours after 5 p.m. Yet a young absconder, recently brought before the courts, protested that when he joined the Army he was told that his time would be his own every day after 4.30—he had run away when he found that all his supposed free time was devoted to music practice. What would the committee, with their reference to "the civilising influence of music" make of this? Perhaps the answer is that the Army must not tempt boys with the promise of a pseudo-mannish life: it must offer, and be known to offer, the discipline and the enjoyments of a good school.

The committee have evidently enjoyed the task of prescribing a sound routine and sensible time-table. They are, perhaps, over-eager for compulsory games and over-sceptical of voluntary activities. In age, these boys are the equivalent of the Fifth and Sixth Form; it is high time that they learnt the voluntary enjoyment of leisure. If they do not, compulsory games cannot keep them out of mischief all the time; it is significant that the tragedy at Plymouth occurred on a Sunday. Wisely, however, the committee do not place their main reliance on administration and time-tables; they recognise that the heart of the matter is the appointment of suitable staff. There is danger in the fact that the less important recommendations will be the easier to implement. The War Office can easily ensure that all the boys in all the Units get up at 6.30 in summer and 7.0 in winter and observe to the letter the recommendations of paragraph 34 of the report. Without a suitable staff, all this will avail little: conversely, if good staff can be found, they should have latitude in administration.

There is probably plenty of ability among the present staff, but it has been inhibited by a belief that they must be officers rather than schoolmasters, leaving much of a schoolmaster's duty to be performed by N.C.O.s who, whatever their merits, have not been trained for this work. Careful search in the R.A.E.C. may also disclose officers whose real vocation lies in the Apprentice Schools and Boys' Units. If there is still a lack of suitable men, should not the War Office consider the employment of civilians not only, as at present, as technical instructors, but as housemasters?

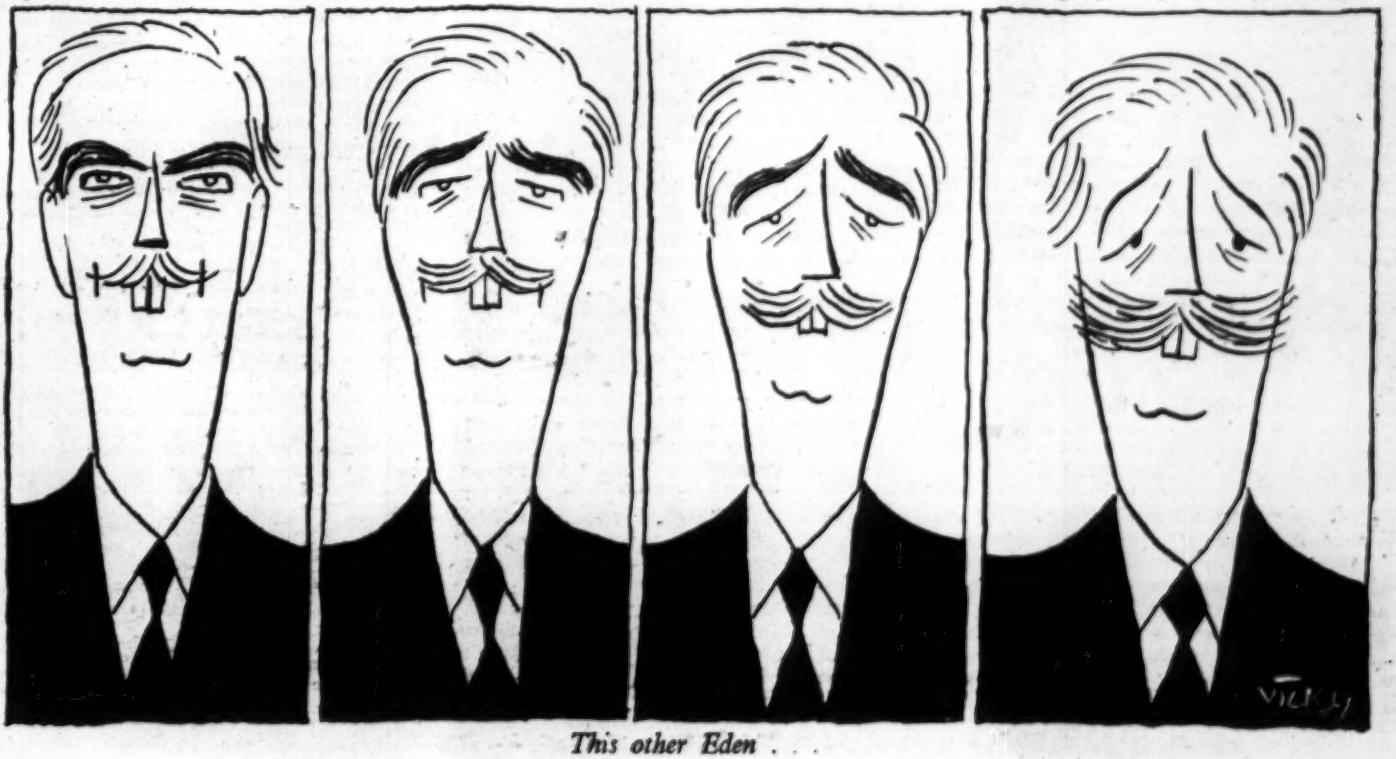
The conception of the Boys' Unit as a school, and the men in charge as schoolmasters is essential to success: but it involves, among other things, a building programme. All too often, at present, the married staff have to live in the town away from their school, and it is this which prevents their wives from taking a proper part in the life of the school. The value of this feminine influence is well understood in any good boarding school, and it is all the more important when we have an exceptional proportion of boys who lack adequate home affection.

The War Office is evidently taking the Report seriously. It has accepted the recommendations, and created, at the centre, the administrative mechanism for carrying them into effect. It will be a large task, comprising not only buildings, staff and administration, but a host of minor and unexpected problems. Yet there is no reason to suppose that it is beyond the Department's capacity. The Duke of York's Royal Military School—which the committee visited, but on which they make little comment—is, in fact, an outstanding educational achievement, and the Army has been a notable pioneer in the teaching of adult illiterates.

MICHAEL STEWART

London Diary

I DOUBT whether it is possible to give anyone outside the newspaper world an impression of the shock, frustration and creeping paralysis which have gripped Fleet Street for the past three weeks. Apparently, no one—whether proprietor or journalist or printer—ever considered the possibility that the whole London press could really be stopped—least of all by a handful of maintenance engineers and electricians who have always been regarded as "outsiders." So the strike has hit this enormously successful and comfortably padded industry like an act of God. The newspapers have not been hesitant in proffering rebukes and advice to other industries afflicted with restrictive practices and jurisdictional disputes between unions. Now they feel publicly humiliated by their inability to put their own house in order, and there is an uneasy feeling that the general public increasingly accept the situation with a nonchalance which bodes ill for circulations when the strike is over. Is newspaper reading, like smoking, an addiction that can be cured by a period of enforced deprivation? Many of us have been saying for years that the man in the street is sceptical both of news and of newspapers; it is an alarming thought that he might be induced by a diet of radio hand-outs to sit down to life without a controversial press. Indeed if television had been fully developed—including an alternative commercial programme—the sense of deprivation would have been even less than it actually seems to be today in the third week of the strike. Free speech is not something which comes naturally to the human race; it has to be artificially fostered by competitive dissemination of news and views. When the supply is cut off, controversy, which is the stuff of freedom, begins to peter out. And curiously enough the absence of competition seems to have affected the two morning papers which are now appearing in London. I hear people complain that the *Manchester Guardian* has failed to grasp a magnificent opportunity, and



This other Eden . . .

I myself have noted that the *Daily Worker*, now that it is on sale again, has not made a very successful effort to prove that it can provide the politically conscious working class with all the news it needs. May not the explanation be that no paper can do its job well when monopoly is thrust upon it by circumstances? We journalists need competition and controversy to spark our livelier efforts. Without them we soon relapse into the cautious routine of the B.B.C. news editor or programme director, and can defend our attitude by asserting truthfully enough that the public accepts our second best without complaint if there is no alternative to it.

* * *

A columnist in the *Huddersfield Daily Examiner* happily recalls that when the weekly journals of opinion were shut down during the fuel crisis of 1947, the national press gave hospitality to some of their comments and best-known features. He suggests that the weeklies have slipped up in not repaying this friendly gesture. On the contrary, this journal (and I think we were not alone) suggested to the editors of the *Observer* and the *News Chronicle*—so hospitable to us in 1947—that they might like to express their editorial views in our columns. Both the papers we approached welcomed the idea. Unhappily, the scheme proved impracticable in the conditions of this strike. Just as the provincial papers have not been able to increase their circulation to meet the national need, so we were not able to give publicity to the views of newspapers which were involved in the industrial dispute.

* * *

Brooding on the H-bomb is not an ideal occupation for the Easter holiday, and yet what subject could be more appropriate to Good Friday than the crucifixion of man in modern war? The Pope, who does not pretend that politics and religion are divisible, made peace and the end of the armaments race the centre of his Easter message. For me, the text was a visit to the Hiroshima panels, which I saw just before their removal from the College of Preceptors; I am told they will be seen again in London before very long. It would be wrong, as John Berger said, to regard them as mere essays in horror. These two Japanese artists have spoken with so much power just because they have produced important works of art. These panels are modern equivalents of the great murals of hell that are familiar to us in Italian churches. The only difference is that this hell is nearer and more real to us than I think the eternal flames and demons who stoked the furnaces were to even the most devout in the Middle Ages. Certainly, people then believed in eternal punishment in some form, but the evidence of the way they lived does not suggest that they believed it in the same immediate sense as we fear the thermo-nuclear fires today.

* * *

On a street corner, a sandwich board asked, "What shall we do to be Saved?" Jules Moch's *Human Folly* (Gollancz, 13*s.* 6*d.*) answers, "Disarm or Perish?" M. Moch has been a French Minister of Defence, and is French delegate on the Disarmament Commission. His book gives an authoritative summary of the stages of preparation for atomic and thermo-nuclear war, particularly emphasising the near completion of the giant rocket which would once again make "press button" war a singularly unengaging possibility. Having presented the facts coolly, he urges us seriously to consider the progress that has been made in the disarmament discussions since they were revived after the Korean War. We all tend to dismiss them chiefly on the ground that the armaments race is rather a function than a cause of international tension; at present, we feel, no disarmament proposals would be taken seriously by either Russia or America. But M. Moch reminds us that the Russians have moved, at least on paper, most of the way towards accepting the Western demand for a continuous form of inspection; surely it would be common sense to test their sincerity? Or is the still greater obstacle America's very intelligible argument that the abolition of weapons of mass destruction would leave the Communists with an overwhelming superiority in manpower? Would the Russians in fact oppose the inspection of their secret factories if they believed that the Americans were serious about scrapping their bombs?

* * *

Everyone is "interested in education"; everyone agrees that articles and journals devoted to the subject have an exceptionally high boring point. There are very useful educational weeklies, but they are obviously mainly for people with specific professional duty or interest in pedagogy. If I understand the intention of Mr. Boris Ford, now editor of the monthly *Journal of Education* (which appears in a new format), his idea is to leave most of the "news" about events in the educational world—the births, marriages, and deaths, so to speak—to the weeklies, and to branch out into lively and even polemical discussions of educational theory and practice. The inclusion of a highly amusing poem based on Chaucer's *Prologue* suggests that the editor will have no particular objection to pulling the very respectable legs of some high-ups in the educational world.

* * *

The Archbishop of Canterbury's explanation of the misunderstanding between himself and the reporter who interviewed him at the airport in South Africa is convincing. When he was asked if there was any truth in the rumours about the betrothal of Princess Margaret and Captain Townsend, he said "No comment." When he was asked, no doubt in a hubbub of voices, whether it was true that England was all agog with excitement about the matter, he said this was a fabrication and a newspaper stunt. The two questions got pushed into one, and the second answer made into the reply to the first. The only interest in the incident is, of course, that the Archbishop would clearly not have troubled to correct the mistake if he had really been in a position to deny that the Princess and Captain Townsend are to be married. The only possible deduction is that we ought to congratulate both of them, and that this silly gossip and mystery-mongering should come to an end.

* * *

Somebody asked me the other day what had become of Mr. Park. I have every reason to think that he is in good health, though nearly at retiring age. Unhappily, I no longer see him, because I have moved from a garden in Essex to a stretch of open downland in Sussex. I shall miss Mr. Park. We have worked together (or, rather, he has allowed me to do odd jobs) for about twenty years, and I have written about him for nearly as long. I believe that, to this day, he has not the slightest idea that anything he has ever said has appeared in print. Nor do I think that he would have been very interested if he had known. I do not expect to be provided with such excellent free copy in my new home. Here, instead of a garden, I have a view which, on days when it is not blotted out by sea-mist, embraces many miles of the South Coast. I also have, from my doorstep, walks in any direction over the downs, which may not, I am glad to say, be further built upon. I wonder how I have lived away from hills so many years. One cannot wander quite at will in the way that I used to as a young man, because nowadays, instead of sheep, the farmers plough, keep cattle, and enclose big chunks of land with barbed wire. One of the questions in the district is whether a new breed of rabbits, immune from myxomatosis, will appear again next year. I asked a farming neighbour what he thought about the disappearance of rabbits. He said slowly, "There's no denying they did a wonderful lot of harm to the crops. I suppose that is good. But we used to go shooting sometimes and get a rabbit for the pot. It seems wrong, there not being rabbits; they were all part of country life, weren't they?"

* * *

Last week, one of Fleet Street's big shots, on his way to put to bed another still-born child, called at a newsagent-tobacconists and asked for some book matches. The tobacconist said, "People will read anything these days."

CRITIC

When Sweden First . . .

Sweden leads the nations in civilian defence,
Setting an example to the rest,
Tunnelling and digging, regardless of expense—
Sweden's bomb-proof bunkers are the best.
Prudent Scandinavians full preparations make,
Though if bombs fall on Sweden, it will be by mistake;
Stockholm is constructing deep shelters that she needs—
Is it right that Britain should lag behind the Swedes?

After atom warfare can Britain keep her place,
Unless her population can survive?
Is there any future for this vulnerable race
If only very few are left alive?
Citizens of Sweden will underground descend,
In air-conditioned shelters they will tarry till the end,
And when H-bombs have scattered other democratic breeds,
All Europe will be manned by uncontaminated Swedes.

Britain is exposed on land, on sea, and in the air,
But Whitehall has the implications faced.
Mobile salvage columns will be active everywhere,
And Britons ever were by danger braced!
National tradition is outraged by "Safety First"—
V.I.P.s will be around the Commonwealth dispersed!
What though neutral Sweden in protective measures leads?
Britons never never never will be Swedes!

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A woman, seen by a R.S.P.C.A. inspector after a complaint about the condition of her cat, was said at Leeds today to have explained: "I am a Christian Scientist, and I have been adopting the same methods of treatment to the cat."—*Birmingham Mail.* (P. Golden.)

In the report of the Civil Defence exercise held last week at Wiveliscombe the name of Mrs. ——, who assisted with the preparation of the meal, was inadvertently omitted.—*Somerset County Herald.* (J. E. Hodgson.)

When a police sergeant approached two men who were fighting in Old Warwick Road, one of them said to him: "I don't see why you should interfere. We agreed to fight. He had been shouting after me. We weren't doing any harm."—*Leamington Spa Courier.* (Ralph E. Rowlatt.)

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ENTRANCE HALL *By courtesy of The Administrative Staff College*

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of good lighting in all walks of life, both for clear and comfortable vision and the preservation of good eyesight. For this reason we have always recommended the type of lighting that is glareless, shadowless and evenly diffused throughout, and the G.V.D. SYSTEM provides this in the most efficient, effective and economical manner, using the minimum of equipment necessary for the purpose. But anyone who tries to improve the eyesight of the public, whilst at the same time saving their pocket, seems to be considered in some quarters either a criminal or a fit subject for ridicule.

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We design fittings for the purpose for which fittings *should* be designed namely to enable you to see your surroundings clearly and comfortably. Moreover, the high intensities so often advocated are unnecessary and undesirable, for if we normally use no more than we really need, we shall always be able to see by the higher intensities when these occur, whereas if we get used to needlessly high intensities we shall lose the power to see by the lower intensities. Normally, about 5 foot-candles should be ample for all ordinary purposes, and when it is considered that a foot-candle simply means the light given by a candle a foot away, it will be realised that 5 foot-candles, evenly distributed, means that at every point in the room, you have the equivalent of 5 candles a foot away. It may be doubted whether there would be enough candles in London to light an average room with this all-round intensity! Yet many so-called experts advocate 10, 20 and even 50 or more foot-candles, which can only cause severe eyestrain, besides being grossly extravagant. Incidentally, the term " foot-candle " was evidently considered too simple and self-explanatory to please the pundits, as it has been changed to " lumens per square foot," which conveys nothing to the layman. As Oscar Wilde said, " To be intelligible is to be found out " !

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Looking at Life

WITH RESPECT, M'LORD

"And you may think, m'lord," Counsel is saying, "that it is not without significance that, when the prisoner signed these cheques, he signed them with the name of Ernest Stoney, a reference possibly to the fact that he was, at the time, without funds."

Counsel makes a hopeful hissing sound after this and looks expectantly around the court. The judge, whose face looks like a small piece of rolled sirloin with glasses on, says:

"Not one of your best, Mr. So-and-So."

"An inadvertence, my lord, an inadvertence," Counsel replies, comfortably inured to the mishaps of legal wit. The prisoner stands, as alcoholics do, with the look of a person ashamed of an unwanted but undetachable friend.

The courts are the living novel of English life. Queue up at just after ten at Bow Street with the addicts of this literature. People dress well for it. The man beside me says the queue depends on the weather; cold or rain outside brings the people in. They put in an hour before the pubs open and then "move up West." We have the impression that this is where half the wandering population of the West End have come from: a court crawl, a pub crawl and the window shopping. The man I am with passes the tedium of the wait with a detailed account of cancers he has known, small cancers, great cancers like ferns and one that was like a tree. The man who had that was crucified. We move, thank heaven, into the Court. The tarts came up to pay their forty shillings of hush money; a more respectable-looking, brisk and decently dressed collection of women one cannot imagine. This is a business arrangement, and in business prompt terms are what they appreciate. There are only one or two blowsy Britannias out of the market. The horrors are the women drunks. Unlike the tarts, they are articulate.

"There is only one thing for you to do and that is to give up drinking, altogether, but you have no such intention," the magistrate says.

"I never have an effing drink," the woman snaps. "How can I have a drink when you're always sending me to Holloway?"

"Please don't hurry me, Ursula," an exalted Irishwoman declaims in the grand manner to the policewoman. And turning to us all: "I am still in an alcoholic trance." The man who steals pennies from the newspaper boxes, the wooden survivor of three suicides, the pilfering clerk with the big gouty ears that are Downfall itself, and with the foolish, sly look of a dishonest elephant—they all move before us painfully, at dictation speed. Somewhere the plain clothes man who caught them sits, head a little on one side, eyes alert, a connoisseur of prey and watching its behaviour on the hook like one still hoping to see one new twist in the wiggling body of human nature. The magistrate has kept his eyes lowered throughout these cases. Shyness and sensibility struggle inside him, before the appalling facts of life. He has the modesty of one obliged always to come off best. Since he has neither wig, bib nor gown and is dressed like the rest of us, his face has to apologise that the appearance of equality is deceptive.

The court crawler is after bigger things than the magistrates' courts. There are Quarter Sessions, with the great stir of friends and relations looking about them, defiantly or secretively, for a sight of hostile witnesses. Women in the right can be picked out by their hats, which are meant to knock the heart out of someone. Families used to "trouble" have come for one more sit down, incurable, at the public expense. One member, usually a man, is delighted with the situation and talks like a guide. Affronted mothers swell and swallow and nudge a hangdog son to straighten up and stop doing whatever he is doing. Then there is the Old Bailey, with its air of a palatial American railway station with no immodest suggestion of trains or the well-known destinations to be reached through the heavy doors. There are the Law Courts, where one's boots echo in the long passages and where one takes a lucky dip. Divorce? But perhaps it is a bad day. "Legal arguments," the policeman disparages. Not worth your trouble; arguing costs; contract dispute—been going on for a week. "Monday," he apologises, "will be better." He recognises the morbidity of our interest and that there is nothing more Constitutional and respectable. It's our right and duty to pry into other people's lives.

Inside all these Courts there is a Low Church atmosphere. It is imposed by the pale oak panelling which, throughout the country, is the furnishing style of the State: one has seen the narrow panels of pale oak in schools, in the mayoral apartments of Town Halls, in Public Libraries, in Universities, in Parliament. It is the lay style of the *homme moyen gothique*. Men and women, in their ordinary daily clothes, look clownish, clumsy, unassimilated against this hieratic background. A navy blue suit will look impudent and vulgar. One does not realise, until one sits here and looks up at the crowd in some steep public gallery that appears to be like a charabanc load rushing downhill, or until one has looked at a bunch of jurymen, how public the Public is, as if they were bent on spoiling an abstract effect. One imagines a scene from, say, Rowlandson: the first three rows of the gallery pushed over the edge into the court below by the crowd at the back; but there is something about light polished oak that checks the Rowlandson in us.

A Rowlandson would have to go nowadays to a city like Naples where one pushes one's way into some high, dirty white-washed room, through a pungent crowd of idlers, lawyers, witnesses and accused, all crushing towards the old table at which the judges sit in a cloud of tobacco smoke. At this hour of the day they have not shaved; they wear yesterday's bibs and arguments are going on as if it were all a street accident. Those behind are asking those in front what is happening and, in a moment, one has been pushed almost behind the rail where, perhaps, three or four young men are accused of several murders and sit there chewing. I don't say they don't get justice or even that it is rough; evidently, by all the finger work, the eye rolling and the speed of speech it is subtle and exhaustive; but the point is that life has not stopped. I don't know if anyone has ever turned to eat a pomegranate or have a good spit in the middle of being sentenced to 15 years in Naples, but I imagine there is no objection.

This is not the manner of the Queen's Bench. Down there, among the oak and the leather seats, the first assumption is that life has been asked to stop. The air is dead. If there is a smell it is the smell of law stationery. It is unlike the air of the Old Bailey where there will suddenly come to you a tropical smell of brilliantine from a well-clipped police sergeant. At the Queen's Bench the voices are quiet. People lose their appeals against a sentence of hard labour or pay a thousand pounds damages in the course of a gentle course of conversational inquiry between rather too attentive friends. It must strike one as a bit suspicious that wigs, gowns, scarlet robes, starched bibs and ermine, should be so solicitous. One is in the hands of a set of educated chessmen in a very thoughtful game with the King never in check. The pawns go up into the box. King's bishop stands up. Queen's bishop moves across, a pair of Knights exchange whispers. One digs under his wig with a pen. It is an alarming moment when a piece of paper is handed up from the table below to the Judge. What was that? The Judge is writing away in his book and one watches his pen with anxiety. How it goes on! When will it stop? And why there, at *that point*?

"Yes?" he says looking up. His appetite!

That is the disturbing thing, or the hopeful one, according to your point of view. Better to talk to him than to counsel; you are at eye level to begin with and he will turn in his chair to listen encouragingly. He likes to score off counsel too; that is part of the game.

"I'm a surveyor. I don't get down on my knees and do gymnastics," says the truculent witness.

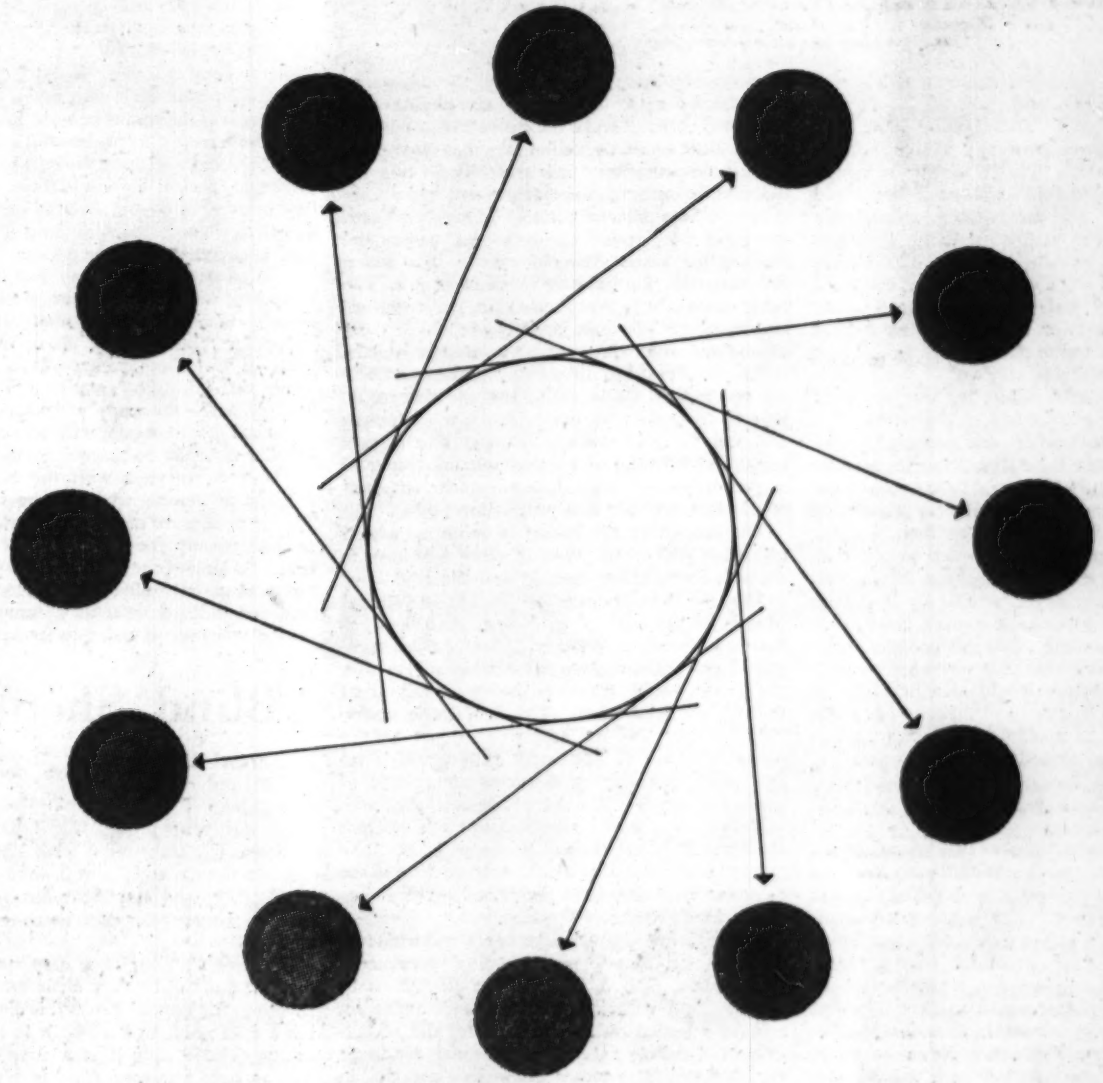
"He is not a gymnast, Mr. So-and-So," pleads the judge. The illusion of being outside the chess game is pleasant for a second; but the game takes up again. Black bishop is at it again:

"With respect, m'lord," he begins.

No emotion here. There was the armed robbery appeal and the Lord Chief hearing it, sitting restlessly in that scarlet quilt of his and with the face of an irritable walnut, his hands never still. We had the woman of a life-time's convictions, her face reddened by the dead and now inescapable load of her uncomprehending enmity with us all, her clear servile voice. We had the boy murderer, dapper and growing up now, with the little smile on his vain young lips. And then there was this man, one of four, who said he wasn't there and couldn't for the life of him explain why he was running, why he had a taxi handy, why it was three or four in the morning, why he was suffering the outrage of lying in the street with a detective on top of him. Counsel was plugging away for him—in vain. Patiently and quietly he was undone.

Patience. There were—this was at the Old Bailey—the West African cleaners in their best clothes. A tribe in the dock, another tribe accusing, their women solid as wood, still, hands folded, staring and expressionless. Mothers who had said "Say 'you don't know' to everything. You never bashed him on the head. You weren't there." It was one of the schemozzles with iron bars, everyone on the floor, no one with a name Counsel could pronounce; some not on speaking terms with others for the best of reasons: they had no common language. A man, baring his arm splendidly in the box to show his wound, inviting judge, counsel, all of us to see—and not a sign of a wound anywhere, the whole thing platonic, mysterious, unfathomable and in pidgin'. It was again, the judge who was the equal and friend, though perhaps a dangerous one. He moved round, he leaned over, he talked gently like a father, getting sentences put right, helping, explaining things to the children—who were not children at all, but nature's born litigants. And that was where he had them, or one of them. Such a look of surprise on his face, such a quick resumption of the judge once more. For he heard someone say that he went to his lawyer first and had his wound bandaged a week later, "by legal advice." Hopeless to flatter a lawyer with that phrase. He knows what it means. In the novel of the courts, that is the moment he and the *hypocrite lecteur* are waiting for: the moment that life condemns us.

V. S. PRITCHETT



A flush of tangents

Though going off at a tangent may suggest a butterfly brain to many people, it means something entirely different to us. For, with a subject as diverse as electricity, development is always likely to shoot off in unexpected directions. We encourage this sort of activity in Crompton's. At the moment there are twelve sections which make up the Crompton Parkinson organisation, all of which began life as tangents shooting off from the parent body. They are now well established and respected, each dealing with its own flush of tangents. This is the nature of progress. New discoveries are pursued and developed—eventually they are assimilated and become part of the accepted order of things. This is how the firm of Crompton Parkinson has grown and why it will keep on growing.

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American Labour's Next Step

(By Our New York Correspondent)

AMERICAN trade unionism, strengthened by the merger of the C.I.O. and A.F. of L., is now entering a new phase. The opening shots have been fired in a campaign to get private industry to admit the principle that it has the responsibility not only to provide satisfactory wages and "fringe benefits" for the workers it currently employs, but also to assure the living standards of workers it has recently laid off. The United Automobile Workers Union is in the vanguard of this movement with its current negotiations with the employers for a "Guaranteed Annual Wage" or, as the union now prefers to call it, a "Guaranteed Employment Plan." With other unions pressing similar plans, the way could be opened for a new pattern in U.S. industry.

The automobile workers are heading for the first conflict because their contracts with the two giants of the industry—General Motors and Ford—expire at the end of May. Unless labour and management reach agreement by then, a strike is likely. The union has just voted to treble its dues to build up a $25 million fund for such an eventuality. It may never have to use it, for the union is in a strong tactical position. Ford's output has been booming while phenomenal sales have left its dealers with only ten days' stock of cars. General Motors would also be chary of losing its strong market lead. Both will make serious attempts to avoid loss of output. Most observers are thus agreed that management will finally accede to the principle of guaranteed employment. There will, however, be much haggling over details.

The union's plan seeks two fundamental guarantees. First, a worker should get a full forty hours of work or pay once he is called to work at all during any week. This is a marked extension of the present call-in guarantee—four hours for the day called in. Secondly, after a probationary period of employment, workers who are laid off would be guaranteed a certain income for a period varying according to seniority. The union wants the probationary period to be 90 days and "suggests" 80 per cent. of previous straight-time hourly earnings as a suitable guaranteed wage. The period of these payments would extend for half as many weeks as those that the employee had actually worked, with a 52-week maximum. The company's liability for these payments would be reduced by the amount of State unemployment compensation, and by any alternative job income received during the guaranteed period. It is over the periods and percentages that haggling is likely.

The union also has firm proposals as to how the employers should finance the plan. Initially, layoff payments would be drawn from the company's current revenue up to an agreed percentage of current payroll cost. Any excess liability would be met from a reserve trust fund, built up in fixed weekly amounts by the company. The union wants the trust fund administered jointly by the union and the company, as many pension funds are now. It also wants the size of the trust adjusted annually in the light of changing wage scales, changes in State unemployment compensation laws, and such re-insurance commitments as the State or Federal government may in the future take on themselves. Once this type of plan has been extended to other big industries, the unions, expect a government re-insurance plan to protect companies from excessive liabilities during exceptionally heavy unemployment.

Both the guarantees themselves and the method of financing them are held by the union as essential to meet the major complaints that prompted them to make the proposals in the first place. First of all, the union says that unemployment compensation now provided by the individual States is inadequate and cannot be drawn for a sufficient period. It rarely exceeds one-third of normal earnings and cannot be claimed for longer than 26 weeks. The union thus demands that industry supplement this. The other complaint is that production, and therefore employment, is unnecessarily seasonal. Its guaranteed employment plan, the union contends, will act as a cost incentive for employers to stabilise production. To the extent that the plan would be paid for out of current earnings, management will seek to limit seasonal layoffs. The reserve trust fund is meant to augment current resources so that, in periods of cyclical unemployment, laid-off workers will not lose purchasing power.

The employers are bound to come up with a myriad of objections. Most of them will have to do with costs, either directly or indirectly. Just to keep the plan in operation would cost General Motors 4½ per cent. of its current payroll, it has been estimated, or another $18 on an average-priced car. The companies further object that the plan would transfer the wage-bill from variable to fixed costs. This will cause undue rigidity, they say, in adjusting output to the changing share in the total market which an individual company experiences irrespective of seasons or cycles. A fixed labour cost, they add, will discourage new investment in more efficient machines and so artificially inflate final costs. The union argues that this would only be true if the company were unable to assimilate workers elsewhere in its plant.

Whatever the counter arguments and whatever struggles lie ahead, some sort of guaranteed employment plan is likely to be finally established. And with it, American trade unionism will have forced on private industry the obligation of assuring a form of personal economic security which in other countries—notably, in Britain—is held to be a public obligation. Already, in the field of health and pension funds, American unions have extracted directly from the employers benefits which elsewhere are only accorded by the Welfare State. The latest plan represents the next step along this path. Little wonder, then, that no independent political movement of labour has emerged here! The workers and their leaders are unlikely to aspire to State power so long as they can get what they want from the present society. Such political influence as the unions wield is to ensure and enhance their bargaining position *vis-à-vis* private enterprise, not to induce government itself to achieve labour's aims for it. Sometimes, in fact, the unions use their bargains with management as a lever on government. The guaranteed employment plan, for example, may well result in increases in public unemployment compensation. The employers, if saddled with the obligation of making supplemental payments, will undoubtedly press for such increases. The plan will also create the need for a new governmental re-insurance scheme to protect reserve funds. That private agreements should be publicly underwritten is emerging as a new American pattern.

The trade unions are committed to the capitalist system even more directly. It is well known that unions such as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the International Ladies' Garment Workers lend money to manufacturers to keep them in business and so maintain employment; that department store workers' unions sometimes pay the employers' advertising expenses in an effort to keep the store in business; that many own and operate their own savings banks. With the growth of enormous pension funds, the unions have been forced to find useful employment for cash on hand and have bought large chunks of corporate stock. This puts them in the anomalous position of having a vested interest in profits as well as wages! Stock-holding has even become part of union bargaining power. Dave Beck of the Teamsters Union has just concluded an agreement with Sewell Avery, president of Montgomery Ward, the huge mail order firm. In return for recognition of his union—after many years of bitter opposition—Beck has promised Avery that his union's voting strength as stockholders in the company will support Avery and his board in its struggle with an opposing faction for control of the company. So the union is now not only negotiating with the bosses but also helping to choose who the bosses should be. This is a measure of how much the unions have become merely the other side of the capitalist coin. So long as they get what they want from it, the workers are unlikely to question the system. And they will get what they want so long as the system manages to maintain its stability.

Blind Shepherd

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. Nice words those. When I first heard them I didn't know what they meant, for I was very young, but I liked the sound of them. I know now what they mean, and still like them. Only now I am a grown man, a grandfather, and the sight has gone from my eyes, so words mean even more to me than they once did.

Up here in Cheviot a man needs to see to live. Burns hold trout, birds are there for the shooting, the ground beneath is live with rabbits: but a man needs to have sight in his eyes. Here in these little hills it is a natural thing for a man to have a gun or a rod in his hands, a dog at his side. There is no cruelty in shooting birds, as there is when men kill each other. For when men kill men, fear destroys both sides. But the bird that wings swiftly upwards through keen air to blue sky leaves life on a soaring arc of gaiety, too quickly killed for pain. And a good dog's soft mouth bears him gently, the smooth sweep of his plumage scarcely stirred, to the feet of a merciful master. There is too much of suffering in the deaths of men . . .

When I was a little lad, I used to walk with my father on Saturday mornings. Upwards we would walk, towards the Point. My father was a young man then, although I have only realised that since I lost my sight. For all men seem large and very old to their children. His shoulders were broad, and he wore a cap, so the peak of it would shade his eyes from the sun when he looked upward through the light to sight the speeding birds. His hair was bleached yellow as lemon, and grey low down to meet the mellowed brick line of the base of his neck where the worn tweed jacket broadened to cover his strong shoulders. I knew that the ruddiness was only given by the sun and wind for, when he stripped to wash, his skin below that line was pinkish white and glowing like pearls newly washed in milk and waiting to be dried.

I am not fair as he was. I am small and dark

Is the price of Fish

too high or too low?

The next time you or your family are out shopping, remember—fish is the best food bargain you can find. It's the cheapest first-class protein food that money can buy. There's been a lot of talk about fish prices — what are the facts?

Suppose you had your own business and you were producing something that cost you 6d. and yet you could only sell it for 5d. If this was your only way of making a living, your only way of supporting your family—you would very soon go bankrupt. You might stand a chance if the situation was only seasonal, if at times you could sell your product for 7d. or 8d., but it would not be an easy life. Working at a loss for long periods would be a constant source of worry — and very bad business.

That is about the situation with fish, mainly Cod, caught by Britain's Distant Water trawlermen. For half the year our trawlers operate at a loss. A recent survey of 80 ships of the Hull and Grimsby Distant Water Fleet discloses that in 1954 they ran at a loss for over half the year. What's the reason for this? Very simple. Current minimum prices for fish sold at the dockside auctions (4.07d. a lb.), are too low compared with the costs of trawling. A modern trawler costs £200,000 and the cost of running it is at least £250 a day!

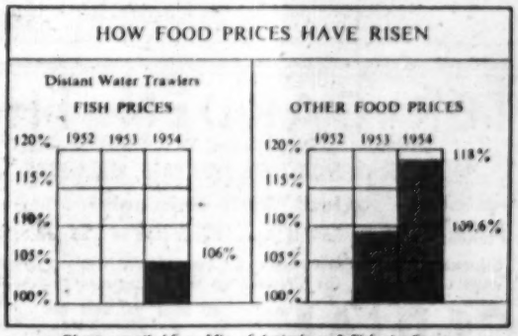
Trawlermen must sell their catches when they land them, and all too frequently sales are below the actual cost of production. You cannot force people to buy fish. If the housewife doesn't want it, the merchant won't buy it. Last year over 14 million lbs. of fish went unsold.

Fish caught and landed by our Distant Water Fleet is the cheapest first-class protein food money can buy. Quayside prices have risen only 9% since 1951, "a very moderate increase" remarked Mr. Heathcoat Amory, Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, in the House of Commons on February 10th. On February 14th, in the House, Dr. Charles Hill confirmed that other food prices have risen by 18% since 1952 and 34% in the three preceding years. The truth is that in the face of mounting costs, the price of fish caught by our Distant Water vessels has risen much less than meat, butter, eggs or any comparable food since the war and *this fish is not subsidised*. Other staple foods — meat, butter, milk, eggs and potatoes are heavily subsidised by you, the taxpayer. Last year food subsidies cost £334 million. Not a penny for our fish!

However hard we try it is impossible to keep the same flow of fish throughout the year — both sea and fish are too unpredictable. Distant Water trawling is a dangerous and difficult business — more dangerous than coal mining. In the last 12 months 85 trawlermen were lost at sea, and 6 ships went down. Until some way is found of catching more fish during Winter gales, fish always will be scarcer and cost a bit more for a few weeks around December and January. The amount of fish landed varies from day to day. The same quality and quantity of fish may fetch a different price at public auction on Wednesday compared with Thursday. The price we get for our fish depends on the catch itself, the quality and public demand.

If you are fair, if you consider all the facts about fish and remember the risks and dangers trawlermen face to bring it home, you must agree that the price is not too high. It is really much too low. It will always be too low until minimum prices at least equal the cost of production. The astonishing fact is that fish prices have not risen to meet the soaring cost of trawling. Only a combination of hard work, efficiency, economic planning and competitive private enterprise has kept and can keep the price of fish so low.

The next time you or your family are out shopping, remember — fish is the best food bargain any housewife can find . . . it is the cheapest first-class protein food money can buy.



Charts compiled from Min. of Agriculture & Fisheries figures & Index of Retail Prices.

BRITISH TRAWLERS Hull/Grimsby/Fleetwood

THE BRITISH TRAWLER FEDERATION

and yellowish of skin. My mother had black, shining hair and eyes as dark and gleaming as good coal, with the quiet red of the deep rose glowing into her cheeks and a dimple to point the upturned corners of her happy smiling mouth.

I always walked behind my father on our Saturdays, level with the tail of the shining black Labrador bitch that he most dearly loved. The sun was always there, filling in the horizontal folds of the hills with finely powdered gold, sprinkling a little of the golden powder over the many purples heathering the hills. We talked little. But I was filled from the soles of my feet to the crown of my head with pure undiluted happiness.

My father is old now, shrunken, his movements wanting the silent swiftness that once belonged to us both. Even so, he still can see. But I can hear the hunt faster than he.

A man needs his eyes so much to live. It's different with women. They can do most of their work with their eyes shut. Women don't use their eyes, they wear them. My wife is a kind woman. Loving of heart and sweet-smelling in bed. I don't know what she looks like, but her voice is serene and patient, and love sweeps out of her lips to my ears. She is even kind to the lasses who have chased after our sons. One of these silly bitches used to put mascara round her eyes. When she cried, it ran down her face in black streaks like blacklead on a hot stove, my missus told me. I ask you. Would a man whose eyes have watched the flight of a bird with his fingers tingling on a gun waste his time blackening his eyes like that? And that's the difference that shows most between men and women. Never mind the other little differences. It lies in their eyes and the use they make of them. A man sees with his eyes: a woman wears hers.

I do so want to see with my eyes. When the wanting to see is very strong in me, I talk to myself. I tell myself that all those who see just see. That only the blind have vision. But if only I could see again the Point rising up to the sky, the black-faced sheep grazing upwards through field and heather, called by evening to the highest place. I can feel the wind in my face as they can; I can smell the many scents from the land as they can; but I can no longer see.

The sheep can see, but they cannot know. I know, but I cannot see. Oh! God, I do so want to see.

OLIVER MALEY

The Arts and Entertainment

Downright Musicality

ON Easter Sunday at the Royal Festival Hall, the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult gave the first English performance of Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony, Opus 93 in E minor. There was a large audience and a good deal of enthusiasm. Although little more than a year old, the symphony has already aroused much controversy. The composer himself is reported to have inaugurated one of those tremendous hammer-and-tongs Moscow debates organised by the Union of Soviet Composers with a curiously non-committal statement. "Like other works of mine, it was written quickly. That perhaps is not a virtue . . . I advise everyone, especially myself, not to hurry. . . . Appraising the first movement critically, I see that I did not succeed in doing what I've dreamed of for a long time, writing a real symphonic *allegro*. It did not come to me in this symphony, any more than in my previous symphonic works." Continuing in the same apologetic vein, Shostakovich went on to point out that his second movement was perhaps too short, and his third and fourth on the long side.

So detached and modest an attitude towards one's work is no doubt highly laudable, but from a critic's point of view it is also a shade alarming. I hope it will not spread to England. If Benjamin Britten starts telling us what has gone wrong with his new opera, and Edmund Rubbra promptly analyses the faults of his latest symphony, the poor critic will soon find himself out of a job. In sheer self-protection he will be forced to point out that a composer may perhaps be no better judge of his own work than he is of the work of others. Honesty compels me to admit, however, that in these particular self-criticisms of the Russian master there is a grain of truth. The Tenth Symphony, for all its interest and beauty, is something less than a compact and watertight structure. Shostakovich's nature contains a paradox of which his remarks show that he is aware: intensely self-critical in respect of his past productions, he is inclined towards self-indulgence.

What he cannot well say at the Union of Soviet Composers is something of which both he and the more intelligent of his colleagues are probably quite conscious; namely, that his innate musical gift, his sheer downright musicality, puts him in a different category (so far as our limited experience goes) from all other Soviet composers, and for that matter from all but a few of his Western contemporaries too. Shostakovich is a natural music-maker who cannot spin a few comparatively superficial pages without revealing, by many small touches of texture or harmony or variation of phrase-length, the hand of a master. So expert is he, so cunning a craftsman, that in his comments on the first movement of the new symphony one is inclined to suspect some mistranslation or misapprehension. If his aim in this long movement was to write "a real symphonic *allegro*," why did he not only mark the piece *moderato* but lay it out in a style that is predominantly static and lyrical? The fundamental gait of the movement is an easy-going 3/4, and this metre, with occasional interpolations of a bar of 2/4, carries us along for pages on end in level minims and crotchets: quavers are the exception, semiquavers almost unknown. Three themes, all of a somewhat similar cast, provide the framework for a structure which grows impressively towards a climax, sustains that climax without effort for an unusually long period, then effectively reverts to the quiet mood of the opening; yet does not quite succeed in escaping the obvious risk of monotony. There is much repetition, little incident. But the sheer sound is radiant, and there are some memorable passages, notably the final pages, when first two clarinets, then the strings, and at last two piccolos muse over the preceding material.

It has often been Shostakovich's habit to throw the main weight of his thinking into an initial movement, following this with a string of slighter pieces. Here, after the ambitious twenty-minute movement discussed above, we have first a garish Scherzo of the *moto perpetuo* type, then a somewhat Ländler-ish Allegretto in which, as so often with this composer, the influence of Mahler is strongly apparent; then a finale which begins with a solitary and desolate slow introduction and suddenly leaps into a hectic Allegro, with a good deal of that dashing alfresco style of which Shostakovich, like Prokofiev, has the knack. Not one of these four movements can be called dull; all have sections of real inventiveness and charm; yet the total impact of the symphony is somewhat insubstantial.

Perhaps the trouble is that symphonies are now expected, above all in Russia, to be powerful and dramatic, heroic and tragic, and that these are not the predominant features of Shostakovich's artistic personality. Impish humour on the one hand, a withdrawn melancholy on the other: these are his most personal traits. Despite his pellucid orchestration and the many incidental beauties of the First, Fifth, Sixth and Tenth Symphonies, not one of the series is, to

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my mind, so perfectly conceived and executed a work of art as the Piano Quintet, Opus 57. To those who wish to study Shostakovich at his most serenely and purely musical I commend a magnificent Capitol recording of this quintet by Victor Aller and the Hollywood String Quartet. Unfortunately the score, for which Boosey and Hawkes are the English agents, is at present out of stock.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Appreciation

Two dealers are talking with that air of distinguished boredom which comes from long hours of staring vacantly at works of art.

"Finally we let it go for £2,500. But on the whole it's been very quiet these last two months."

"The weather?"

"Maybe. Or the election."

A few hundred yards away inside the Beaux Arts Gallery there is a room full of paintings and drawings by a young artist called John Hersey. His pictures—some landscapes and some figure compositions, including cyclists—are quite large and extremely tentative. Their colour is powdery, and the structure of the figures and objects is conveyed by a system of dot-and-dash drawing which plots their position and movement but gives them absolutely no weight or substance. The best canvas is of some *Gondoliers* because in this the distinct contrast between the light distant buildings and the dark shadowed water of the near canal, begins to excuse the lack of definition in everything else. On the whole one has the impression of a talented student (his drawings are serious and searching) who doesn't yet know what to do and so turns his indecision into a mannerism. It is a pity that he has not waited longer before exhibiting, but the poetry lover with her hair in plaits around her head says, "I feel he's got something of his own, you know."

Upstairs in the same gallery a stout critic, in front of some highly coloured decorative but tortured works by a young London Primitive called Stanley Lench, is declaring that "It would be interesting to know whether he's seen the early Klees or whether he's only looked at cheap cinema decoration." What it *would* be interesting to know is whether Lench, given the chance, could produce good textile designs. If he could it would be a solution to some of the difficulties of his life.

At the Lefevre visitors stand impassive before Burra's desperately bitter new gouaches—*A Skeleton Party*, scenes of the frantic (who believe their life to be normal) in modern American-type bars, a still-life of bottles half-turned into windy, evil old women: all the forms painted with that rubbery exaggerated heaviness in which Chirico specialised.

"Well of course Goya did it better," says a Burlington Arcadian with a rolled umbrella.

"Or shall we say differently?" replies a flowered waistcoat.

At the other end of the Gallery, two women from Croydon with a pekinese between them stare at a picture of dead skates, whose stomachs face the spectators and which is called Fish Women—one of the real women whispers to the other, "I know my husband would just love this one." But the other ignores her remarks and asks

"Do you think they're all painted by the same man?"

At the Piccadilly Gallery in Cork Street there are the works of another young painter, John Copnall, who is in the same false position as Hersey. His pictures are quite different and are painted competently in the Euston Road tradition with decorative colour added. Again he is talented. The figure of *Madeleine in an Orange Dress* is well-drawn. His pictures of Spanish town scenes show that he has seized, like a good photographer, upon what is atmospherically characteristic. But he has not yet discovered

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what he wants to say, how he wants to use his visual medium, and so he pre-fabricates his pictures, distorting perspective a little there for a decorative effect, faithfully copying tones in another passage, using line drawing in another. No one in their senses would blame any student for cautiously experimenting like this. But a one-man show distorts the significance of apprenticeship. "Art's only art when it works as art," says the theoretician with a beard.

Sam Nitro, an African painter, is showing in the inner room of the same gallery. His paintings describe village life in Tanganyika—the building of huts, the villagers chasing banana thieves, men walking through the night to try to get work in the morning. His method of painting is very direct. He uses local colour and draws the scenes exactly as they are pictured in his memory—the silhouette of the foliage of the trees against the sky like ink-blots, the tall straight figures of the men leaning to their particular tasks as though yielding to the wind, the vivid evening colours of the flowers. They are decorative pictures: their effect flat, but at the same time active—like that of a classic frieze. Their weakness is due only to the fact that at the moment Nitro is clearly not at home with the medium of oil paint. He doesn't reckon with its thickness or its shininess. The advertising man, however, congratulates him, "There's a nice primitive touch there." Whilst an apologist for Nitro trying to interest a buyer says, "This is the only one that can really claim to have pastel colours."

The foreword to Pajetta's paintings at Roland Browne and Delbanco describes his vision. "Harlequin and doll are actors in a play which is the poetic equivalent of an otherwise chaotic world." Tolstoi said that the word "poetic," when used to describe a work of art, "means borrowed." In this case it is true. Pajetta's paintings, like Campigli's, although most attractively painted, are only a tinsel rehash of various archaic styles. A middle-aged aesthete, however, is telling a young fellow that "If you only study the colours and tones you'll see that, underneath, these pictures are wonderfully abstract."

Upstairs are a few fine Modigliani pencil sketches. "What made Modigliani such a great artist was his sense of the asymetrical. It was this that prevented him being sentimental. Have you seen the Hiroshima panels by the way? There's real sentimentality for you."

When I arrive home, there is a letter for me from a very mature and talented painter. In his P.S. he writes, "I work 18 hours daily—though most of it goes into teaching which is maddening. Results (in terms of finished paintings) are lamentable, and I long for a steady uninterrupted spell. I might have been a good painter!"

JOHN BERGER

The News—And Billy Graham

THE first effect of the press strike on one's looking and listening was to reveal the simple inadequacy of the B.B.C.'s news bulletins. This is, of course, to be monstrously unfair; news bulletins have never been intended to be in any sense either in competition with or a substitute for daily newspapers. And yet, how thin and meagre the ration of news broadcast seemed as soon as one was deprived of one's newspapers. Mr. Bevan's fate was in the balance; but of that one could get scarcely a word. What one wanted was the comment, the speculations, the leaks, precisely those things the B.B.C. does not give us; and what came through very clearly was the impression that without the Press, news, as presented by the B.B.C., was almost incomprehensible. Well, the strike must have come to the B.B.C. as a formidable a challenge as it has ever had to encounter. On the whole, when all the difficulties are taken into account, it responded to it pretty well.

The difficulties should not be minimised. First, there is the simple fact that hours of broadcasting are limited and that more time for news would mean less for everything else, and it is not the B.B.C.'s function primarily to be a substitute for newspapers. Indeed, I doubt whether there is any precedent for the situation the Corporation was confronted with. There was of course the close-down of the political weeklies during the fuel crisis of 1947; but that presented a much more simple problem. The weeklies are of a kind; they are addressed to one well-defined section of the public: nothing easier than to get their editors together to discuss the significance of the news of the week. The national newspapers affected by the strike are not of a kind in this way; they address themselves not to one but to many publics, and some of these publics strike one as often mutually exclusive: how put over in a single programme the points of view, say, of the *Observer* and the *Sunday Graphic*?

Attempts to do precisely this kind of thing in the additional television programmes on news have produced moments of comedy and embarrassment. We had one such programme, for example, in which the *Express's* Mr. William Hickey appeared with Mr. Michael Curtis of the *News Chronicle*. For me, middle-aged as I am, there is only one true Hickey—the first; but that is irrelevant, and in point of fact when I read my *Express* I normally take in Mr. Hickey's gossip column without strain. But how absurd his column appeared when actually spoken on the screen by its author in person! How shy-making the references to "Norah Docker" and the general a-garden-is-a-lovesome-thing-God-wottery of the tone! What had gone wrong? Merely, I think, that Mr. Hickey was appearing out of his context. By the time one has reached his column in the *Express* one has become conditioned to his particular brand of article. But the other evening, on television, we were seeing and hearing him cold.

Nevertheless, gaffes like this, which arose, I imagine, from a failure to distinguish between the nature of broadcasting and television, which are a series of quite disparate items, and that of a newspaper, which is a carefully composed whole with a pronounced general tone of its own, have been few; and on the whole I think the B.B.C. is to be congratulated on the way it rose to an unforeseen occasion. It quite quickly pulled in its foreign correspondents from the capitals in which they normally serve; it lengthened and increased its news bulletins; and the sense of urgency revivified programmes like *Topic for Tonight* and *At Home and Abroad*. If TV on the whole has scored, this has been due to the medium. Some of the most important news of the period has, as it were, played into its hands. Sir Winston's resignation would have been a "natural" for television even if there had been no strike. As it was, it seized its opportunity excellently, and the discussion after the resignation on Sir Winston and on the office of Prime Minister, between Mr. Francis Williams, Mr. Alan Bullock and Mr. Geoffrey Cox, was as good as anything I have seen on the television screen.

I suspect that the Television Service—and the I.T.A., which was no doubt watching with considerable interest—may have learned a great deal from the emergency it had to meet. And one thing I hope it is pondering afresh; and that is, whether it might not, after all, be a good thing to recruit and foster its own news-commentators. In the past, the B.B.C. has set itself sternly against this, differing herein from American practice. In doing so, I cannot help thinking that it has unduly handicapped itself. I suspect that, with Mr. Aidan Crawley up its sleeve, the I.T.A. news service will behave rather differently.

The press strike has dominated broadcasting during the past fortnight. It has shown how greatly radio and television are improved when they too must behave as instruments of journalism. But one TV programme quite unrelated to the strike should not go unnoticed. This is the presentation of Dr. Billy Graham's Good Friday service from the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow. Dr. Graham has become a sort of sacred cow. Many people who should know better in that they would normally scorn his particular line in emotional religion, seem to take it for granted that he is a good thing. I think he is a bad thing. What the television broadcast of his service showed is that, to express it entirely neutrally, he is a superb performer with a keen eye to stage-management. But what interests me is that in his latest visit to us he seems to have secured the backing not only of the churches—and I find it difficult to imagine that, for instance, the Bishop of Bristol can wholly approve of him—but also of the B.B.C., which not only televised his Good Friday Service but gave him the freedom of the early morning *Lift Up Your Hearts* programme.

WILLIAM SALTER

Nature Concerto

"The Vanishing Prairie," at Studio One

"Above Us the Waves," at the Odeon, Leicester Square

Two Big-Horn Rams—of a race, we are told, that having taken to the rocks grew exceedingly sure-footed and fierce—face one another at a distance. They charge, heads lowered, at speed. The clash is repeated. Again and again, the two meet. It is an engagement, one might think, that would instil awe into any spectator. But not into the Disney film unit. They are intent on transforming two superb animals in conflict into Disney animals; so each meeting is marked by the clash of cymbals and a hackneyed operatic march enlivens the whole episode.

This is the worst moment of *The Vanishing Prairie*, the latest Disney True-Life Adventure; though it boasts the usual complement of birds courting to dance music, domestic jokes, syncopations, and the rest which make this series as painful to listen to as it is exciting to watch. It seemed to me that script and direction (James Algar) were poorer than usual; but that may have been because this slice of life does not nearly come up to the desert or the seals' island of earlier pieces. The place this time is the great middle prairie stretching from New Mexico to Canada, and the creatures chiefly involved are marsh birds, prairie dogs, mountain lions, coyotes and a herd of bison. Nothing apparently links these except the possibility of extinction, and the film goes its way haphazard. But some of the material picked up by the camera during three years is fascinating. Geese and duck flying close-up; the mountain lion hunting for its two spotted cubs; bison stampeding before a fire; a coyote killing a rattlesnake and being defied by a prairie dog no bigger than a rat; stamping grouse, cranes in slow movement, a rabbit in flight giving chamois-like leaps. There is plenty here, of a miscellaneous order, to make *The Vanishing Prairie* worth seeing—if only Mr. Disney could be persuaded to let us find our own laughs.

That at one time he could order our laughter magnificently is brought home by a revival, in the same programme, of his ten-year-old *Willie the Whale*, who sings opera. This cartoon holds its own with the best of U.P.A.

There is not much else to recommend at the moment. British films continue to play safe with the Services. Corporate feeling may be assumed, jargon and stiff upper lip provide the packing, and every glimpse of the man behind the uniform is a point gained. This was all very well in war-time, when such films had a start of all others. Now they start far behind, and it can't be said of most of them that they ever look like catching up. *Above Us the Waves* is a more than average sample. It begins with the advantage of a good story—the attack on the *Tirpitz* in a fjord by midget submarines. Mr. John Mills, always dependable, has to sell the idea to the Admiralty (Mr. Robertson Justice), which he does by a bold practical joke. Secret training brings its confessional moments. "I'm afraid of being afraid, sir." (Pause) "Would it help you to know that I felt just the same?" (Pause and gulp.) "Thank you, sir." There's a misfire attack, luckily

without loss, then the real thing with three submarines independently nosing their way up to the giant enemy and the *Tirpitz* well crippled. The Nazi captain glares at his prisoners. "You are brave men," he says gratingly, when we have expected something else; but almost at once we recognise the final touch of solidarity that all along has given the film a faint air of being too good to be true. Not that events didn't fall out so, but the sense of conviction, of insight, is lacking.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Maurice Chevalier, at the Palace

Really, there is nothing left for the critic to say. Leaving the theatre the other night we could only cry, like the late Sid Field, "What a performance!" Few artists have worked in such pure gold as Chevalier. For almost half a century he has been charming us and today he is as ineffable as ever. He has that resilience of the heart that is the secret of perpetual youth, whether in life or in the theatre, and he tosses it to us across the footlights in a hundred guises—as "un gentleman" complete with rolled umbrella, Lock bowler and inane stare; as the top-hatted *roué* savouring the delights of the Place Pigalle; as an old *bebop* fiend who has climbed upon the bandwaggon of *le hot jazz* not a moment too soon. He mimics the Tower of Babel, mimes the mæstro's adieu to his public, runs the gamut of a sentimental education. We were a good audience the other night and he heaped us a generous over-measure, ranging far beyond the printed repertoire, back to the songs of his great period, hits that made the boulevards ring twenty (or was it thirty?) years ago—*Chapeau de paille* and *Louise* and the uproarious *Valentine*. An evening of pure delight; it will be repeated until Saturday, April 30.

J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF BEVANISM

SIR,—No doubt Mr. Crossman is right when he suggests that the present influence of Bevanism is the consequence of its readiness to criticise current cold-war assumptions, and that there is nothing "peculiarly Socialist" in its present attitude. But if this is so it is difficult to share his apparent complacency.

One would prefer Mr. Epstein to be right. If only Bevanite influence was based upon the superiority of its thought. The facts are, as Mr. Crossman all but admits, that having abandoned the myth of the Third Force, and the hope of an Anglo-American global Fair Deal, the intellectual Left has become realistic at the cost of ceasing to speculate about the future of democratic Socialism. The Bevanites may be more or less united on the need to neutralise Germany, and fairly sharply divided over the implications of the hydrogen bomb; but there is little that is either constructive or Socialistic in the arguments they advance.

The contrast with even the recent past is at once remarkable and sad. In the Thirties, for instance, the intellectual Left abounded with names such as Laski, Strachey, Cripps, Catlin and Evan Durbin. Men who had arrived at their relative positions after arguments concerning the compatibility of capitalism and democracy, or the future of Fascism and Communism. Not content with an analysis of current political assumptions, they attempted an evaluation of existing political forces and they were not afraid to indulge in speculation, or even specific prophesy. No doubt their prognostications were often falsified by events, but at least they could claim to be trying to relate their Socialism to the world situation as they saw it. At least they tried to deal with the obstacles in their path. Who can doubt that the absence of similar figures today is at least one of the reasons why contemporary political argument is so dull—or why it seems to so many to be superficial?

Mr. Epstein was correct in naming the Labour Left as the heirs of the "British polemical tradition"; what he failed to see was that they have largely repudiated their inheritance.

Of course there may be good reasons for this. Speculation and prophecy are intellectually out of favour; the mystics, seers and philosophers of the past have made way for the experts in linguistic analysis, and the result has been a discouragement of verbal kite-flying, even on the Left. Moreover, many of those who might have undertaken such a task have been heavily involved in the business of governing the Party, or in the day-to-day activities of Parliament. But perhaps the most important contributory factor has been the slow realisation that the major contemporary obstacle to democratic Socialism is not capitalism, or Communism; but the much more intangible force of private and public oligarchy, in all its multifarious forms.

However, when all this has been said, the paucity of serious Socialist thought is alarming. For the speculation of the Thirties, even when most misguided, helped to create a faith which did not stand or fall by the accuracy of specific prophecy, since it depended for its strength on deeper and simpler forces in human nature. It is this inspirational role which has been most neglected by the contemporary intellectuals of the Left; and one only has to remember the name of Harold Laski to realise what has been lost. It is surely incontestable that until they can advance beyond the position described by Mr. Crossman as "fearing the worst from across the Atlantic," until, in other words, they can provide British politics with some serious theoretical controversy and effective Socialist argument, the Left-

wing intellectuals of today have little enough cause for self-satisfaction.

Complacency is all the more unfortunate in the case of Mr. Crossman. For he has given us ample proof that he understands the nature of the forces of public and private oligarchy which face us. It is tragic that the only Left-wing intellectual who has attempted to work out the implications of such forces is George Orwell. If only Mr. Crossman would stop in one place long enough to provide Socialists with an optimistic version of 1984.

Ruskin College, Oxford. WILLIAM MCCARTHY

GOOD SCOUTS?

SIR,—At the recent county council elections in this area uniformed Scouts and Guides were employed by the Tories as number snatchers at the several polling booths, and on inquiry it was freely admitted by the local Guide Commissioner that she had willingly given her permission. Presumably similar permission was sought and granted for the Scouts. Could it be a coincidence that the Tory candidate's wife is a member of the local Guide committee and the president of the Scouts also heads the local Tory party? Can we be certain that the same tactics may not be employed on a wider scale in the forthcoming general election?

The children, of course, were entirely blameless and probably thought that a little mild excitement and a good tea were sufficient reward, and were quite unaware of the effect their presence was intended to produce, viz., that Conservatism and Scout "promises" are synonymous; not a pretty thought, nor one that would be approved by working-class parents.

It would, perhaps, be unfair to brand these otherwise admirable institutions as willing allies of the Tories, but without a disclaimer and public apology it is difficult to see how this can be avoided.

Areley Kings, EDWARD ROBINSON
Stourport-on-Severn.

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MENTAL DEFICIENCY

SIR,—Kenneth Robinson's letter in your issue of April 2 repeats a number of claims frequently made on behalf of the Mental Deficiency service which give a misleading picture of the facts. Space does not permit a description of the way in which detention orders are obtained, but the main "safeguards," after an order has been made, are twofold: the right to submit an independent medical report and a periodical review of the cases by Visiting Justices (once every five years after the first two years). As regards the first safeguard, in a case known to us, when an independent medical report showed the patient to be in no way mentally defective, the institution withheld letters telling the patient that his report was favourable, and the Board of Control refused to give facilities for him to be visited, in order to be handed his medical report. As regards the second safeguard, although 60 per cent. of all patients are high-grade, the review by Visiting Justices may be conducted at the rate of 120 *cases per day* (evidence of Kent Justices to Royal Commission) —even though these reviews have to consider not only the mental condition of the patient but also the means of care and supervision available if he were discharged.

Kenneth Robinson's letter suggests that only those patients "unsuitable for occupational training" are employed in running the institution. Yet the 1953 Annual Report of the Ministry of Health states that women sent out on licence "almost always go to domestic work". Except for one or two experimental workshops, employing a few hundred patients, there is little evidence of "training" other than training for the needs of the institution. This is the direct outcome of the policy laid down in the Report of the Mental Deficiency Committee (1929), which stated:—

> An institution which takes all types and ages is economical *because the high-grade patients do the work and make everything necessary* not only for themselves but also for the lower grade. In an institution taking only low grades, the whole of the work has to be done by paid staff; in one taking only high grades, the output of work is greater than is required for the institution itself, and there is difficulty in disposing of it.

In this situation pressure for accommodation for low grade cases does not act as a stimulus to the release of high-grade cases. It increases the pressure to keep them in detention to "do the work and make everything necessary." From hundreds of cases on our files the following give a picture of the results:—

(1) A hospital-ward maid, previously earning £4 17s. 6d. per week, certified and detained in remarkable circumstances and employed as a *ward-maid* for 2s. 6d. per week;

(2) Woman held in illegal detention, ironing shirts all day at 3s. per week. Released on Habeas Corpus and immediately obtained work in industry at £6 10s. per week;

(3) Man, employed in institution at 3s. 6d. per week, later released on independent medical report, and immediately selected for supervisory post in industry from 23 applicants at over £9 per week.

It is not merely a strengthening of legal safeguards and a few overdue changes in the law which is required. What is needed is a complete clean-up of a situation which is a disgrace to the reputation of this country.

ELIZABETH A. ALLEN
General Secretary
The National Council for Civil Liberties.

PRINCIPIA ETHICA

SIR,—It is depressing at this time of day to find the arguments which Moore directed against Mill's utilitarianism being cited with approval by Mr. Hampshire in his appreciation of *Principia Ethica*.

The statement "Pleasure, and pleasure alone, is good," which Moore, and Mr. Hampshire, foist upon the Utilitarians, does not occur anywhere in Mill's *Utilitarianism*, nor, so far as I have been able to discover, in the writings of any other member of the school. Moore's unfair treatment of Mill is notorious. It largely consisted in ascribing to him a doctrine which he never in fact upheld, then using actual quotations from Mill's works which contradict this fictitious doctrine, and accusing him of inconsistency on the strength of them. To take a typical example of the way Mill is handled in *Principia Ethica*: Moore rightly points out that Mill makes "good" synonymous with "desirable." Then, on the pretence—I use the term "pretence" deliberately—that Mill has said "Pleasure alone is good" (desirable), declares that, according to Mill, "When I desire . . . wine it is not the wine which I desire but the pleasure which I expect to get from it" (*P.E.* 70). How ridiculous! Poor Mill is supposed to have argued in effect that we never value anything because it is a *means* to pleasure, but value only the "object" pleasure itself, *even if we are unaware of experiencing it*. This proposition Moore solemnly dissects in a passage of ineffable promposity: "Can it really be said that we value pleasure except in so far as we are conscious of it? Should we think that the attainment of pleasure of which we never were and never could be conscious, was something to be aimed at for its own sake?" (*P.E.* 87). Later, with a great show of magnanimity, Moore concedes that perhaps what the Utilitarians really meant was not that pleasure pure and simple, but the *consciousness* of pleasure, is "the sole good," and he goes on to demonstrate that this will not do either. And all this weighty refutation is directed against a thesis of monumental absurdity which Moore gratuitously wishes upon the Utilitarians without, in Mill's case at least, a shred of justification. Moore does not *quote* the dictum "Pleasure, and pleasure alone, is good" from Mill or any other Utilitarian, presumably because he could not find it. Yet Mr. Hampshire repeats it as something they "informatively say." I challenge him to produce a single example.

In point of fact the Utilitarians, unlike Moore, fussed very little about the meaning of the word "good." They simply declared that goodness consists in the tendency of an object or an action to *conduce to* pleasure or happiness, or to the reduction of pain or unhappiness; their attitude being, in brief, that if goodness is not this, then Heaven alone knows what it is. What Mill and Sidgwick, following Aristotle, did hold, was that pleasure—or happiness —is the only thing which is *good as an end*, and Mill clearly sets down the limits of the conception as follows: "Questions of ultimate ends are not amenable to direct proof . . . The art of music is good, for the reason, among others, that it produces pleasure; but what proof is it possible to give that pleasure is good? . . . the formula may be accepted or rejected, but it is not a subject of what is commonly understood by proof." (*Utilitarianism.*) This is apparently what Moore thinks, too, but Mill said it first.

Hazlemere, Bucks. LAN FREED

SIR,—Mr. Stuart Hampshire quotes J. M. Keynes's words on the "fundamental intuitions" of *Principia Ethica*—"I see no reason to shift from them." But D. H. Lawrence met Keynes and others of his circle and was horrified. Keynes, in his posthumous essay on Lawrence, says (with the generosity characteristic of that circle) that he had come to think Lawrence was right, and that their whole ethos was wrong in an important way. Can Mr. Hampshire enlarge on the hints Keynes gave?

Totnes. HUGH HECKSTALL-SMITH

THE "DAILY WORKER"

SIR,—You refer to the action of the London Typographical Society in stopping the *Daily Worker* during the newspaper strike as "very English," and done "apparently in the interests of fair play." Fair play for whom?

Certainly not for the engineers and electricians, who had no dispute with the *Daily Worker*, which is not a member of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. The responsible officials of these unions let it be known that the appearance of an independent newspaper, such as the *Daily Worker*, would help their efforts to obtain satisfaction from the N.P.A.

Fair play evidently for the N.P.A., one of the toughest and tightest cartels in industry, controlled by a handful of millionaire press lords. Why not fair play for the *Daily Worker*—just for once?

Never in its 25 years of existence has the *Daily*

Worker been allowed to compete on level terms. On the contrary, repeated efforts have been made to kill it by denying it the normal facilities given to other newspapers. To enumerate them all would take a lot of space. Since 1949, a politically inspired boycott has deprived the *Daily Worker* of nearly all its revenue from commercial advertising, including the advertisements of the nationalised industries. This would have put any other newspaper out of business, and has imposed upon the *Daily Worker* the most severe economies, including a higher price, a reduced number of pages, and a restricted range of news and features.

The *Daily Worker* has nevertheless survived and developed, because its very independence of capitalist control is the guarantee that it will speak for those who finance it—its readers and 30,000 shareholders, overwhelmingly working-class people. Those who believe in suppressing it, on whatever pretext, are only following the very bad tradition of "unfair play" for the working-class press, and buttressing the dangerous monopoly enjoyed by the press lords.

Tanza Road, MALCOLM MACEWEN
Hampstead.

SOUTH AFRICAN COURT

SIR,—The prophecy of your correspondent, J. C. Adams, on South Africa's enlarged Appeal Court could scarcely have been less correct. It is typical of how misleading prejudice can be.

The Court was to be packed, wrote Mr. Adams. "We shall see," he foretold, "that the new Judges will be Nationalists bearing Afrikaner names." In fact, the names of two of the five new Appeal Judges are English—Reynolds and Hall—and Mr. Hall was born in England, in a vicarage. Of the three new members of the Court with Afrikaans names, Mr. de Beer and Mr. de Villiers were appointed to the Bench by the political party previously in power—and so was Mr. Reynolds.

The position thus is that, of the eleven members of the enlarged Appeal Court, no fewer than eight were Judges before Dr. Malan's party assumed office in 1948; and of the remaining three, one is English speaking.

This is a most strange case of political packing.

South Africa House. A. W. STEWARD,
Director of Information.

IMPERIALISM

SIR,—Having read Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's "reassessment" of Hobson's *Imperialism*. I confidently expected some comment thereon in the Correspondence columns of your last issue. I feel strongly that historical writing of the type Mr. Taylor indulges in should not be allowed to go unchallenged in a publication of your standard.

If, as Mr. Taylor asserts, Power, not Profit (his capitals), was the primary motive force in overseas investments and imperialist expansion, it is surely necessary to answer the question why capitalist investors suddenly experienced an increased lust for power in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century. Mr. Taylor does not answer this question; an omission all the more serious since there is a fairly convincing answer to the question why investors tended to look to undeveloped areas as sources of profit during this period.

The strength of Mr. Taylor's argument depends very much on the one example of unprofitable imperialist investment which he cites—that of French Morocco. Would it be immoderate to ask him for his references on that point? Supposing even that he were able to satisfy us in this direction, would it not be relevant to remind your readers that Morocco was very much a second best for the French; an area on which they were driven back after being edged out by British Imperialism from Egypt and the Sudan?

Even so, the spectacle conjured up by Mr. Taylor of a French government compelling unwilling investors to ruin themselves for the sake of "Power" is truly fascinating. And one wonders why Frenchmen of two generations ago should have been so far behind their descendants in finding a M. Poujade to champion the cause of their purses.

ERNST WANGERMANN
The Grammar School,
Earls Colne, Essex.

WRITING FOR RADIO

SIR,—Mr. Salter's article fails to make one point which should be made, in fairness to the B.B.C. and to encourage writers who have not written for broadcasting, to do so.

Publishers hardly ever commission books of fiction; the B.B.C. commissions its plays and features, whether for Third Programme or Home Service. It is done on the basis of a synopsis and some specimen pages of the projected work, submitted by the author, known or unknown, it does not matter. If the work is then commissioned (and the B.B.C. are prompt and businesslike in all their dealings, and do not, in my experience, keep one hanging about) then half the fee is paid at once. This admirable arrangement enables the indigent writer to finish the job, when, if it is accepted, he gets the rest of the fee; if not, he keeps what he has had.

EDWARD HYAMS
Molash, Kent.

PENNY FARES

SIR,—As the initiator, with our prospective parliamentary candidate Mr. I. J. Hyam, of a Liberal campaign for penny fares on the London tube trains and buses for short stages, I wish to correct a misquotation by Flavus from our L.C.C. posters. These should have read: "For Penny Fares on London's Trains and Buses". By a printer's error the word "Train" was printed as "Trams" but was duly corrected in ink. As regards the L.C.C.'s powers in this matter, they certainly can make strong recommendations to the Ministry of Transport on behalf of London's travelling public.

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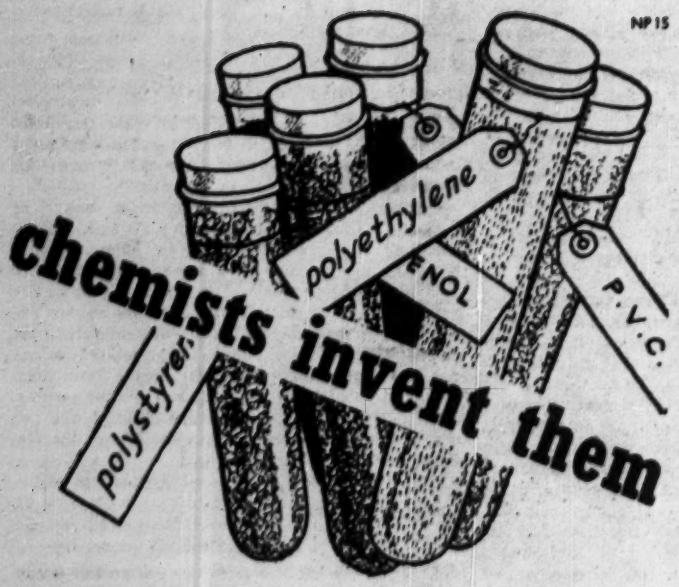

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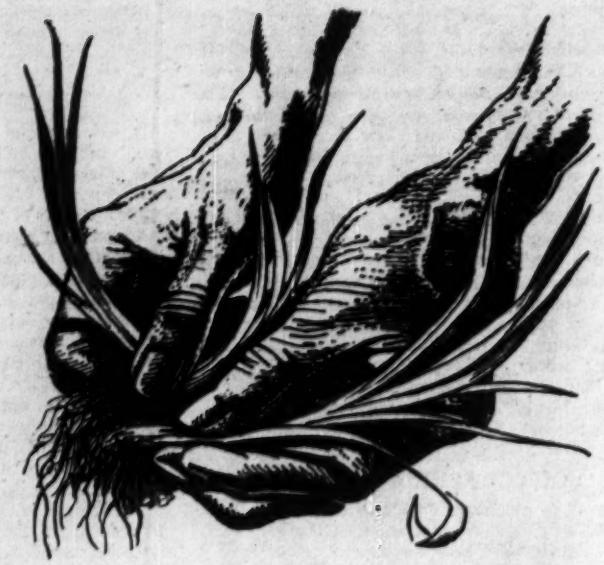

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Crisis of France in North Africa

Last month, as many of our readers will remember, Paul Johnson, our Paris Correspondent, paid a short visit to French North Africa to savour for himself the atmosphere of crisis which prevails in France's relations with her North African territories, and to bring up to date his knowledge of a subject on which he is already expert.

In the following six pages, he reports on what he saw and heard, and offers his conclusions as they affect each of the three territories, Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco. We publish his matter at its full length, without any significant abridgment, both because of its great readability and topicality—the negotiations between France and Tunisia entered their final, and presumably decisive, stage on Good Friday—and because of its value in illuminating an aspect of colonialism which will be of special interest to NEW STATESMAN *readers.*

The problems of France in North Africa are not precisely the same as those of Britain in, say, Kenya or the Caribbean; nor are the problems of Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco identical in detail. But all conform to a broad pattern of economic and political crisis which is becoming apparent in almost all colonial territories. The problem is two-sided: first, how to raise colonial living standards (in the face of rapidly increasing populations) without too sharply tilting the terms of trade against the more highly industrialised imperial Power; secondly, how to transfer political control to an independent government without throwing to the wolves Settler communities whose traditional way of life can be neither justified nor sustained in the modern world. Moreover, as Paul Johnson shrewdly observes in his concluding sentences, successive French Governments, by delay and indecision in the past, have transformed the inevitable problems of North Africa into a recurring crisis in domestic politics. The fate of Mendès-France was determined—as that of M. Faure and his successors may well be—by North Africa, even more than by the domestic problems of France itself.

The Algerian Awakening

THE first thing they tell you in Algiers is that Algeria is part of France. "This isn't a colony, you know. Everyone is a French citizen here. *L'Algérie, c'est la France!*" At the office of the Government-General, they gave me thirty-two pamphlets printed on glossy paper—the literature of triumphant colonialism. It was all there: the slogans ("In 120 years, France has transformed medieval anarchy into 20th century progress. . . ."); the statistics (50,000 miles of roads, 2,750 miles of railways, 33 airports, 24,284 hospital beds. . . ."); the photographs of smiling *fellahs* driving tractors, of healthy Arab children sitting in modern classrooms, of skyscraper flats towering over Arab medinas. And then, to crown everything, the spectacle of the benevolent despot, having distributed the largesse of civilisation, handing over to his adolescent children the reins of power: "Since the passing of the Statute of Algeria in 1947, the Algerians enjoy the full rights of French citizenship. They elect deputies to the National Assembly and control local affairs through the Algerian Assembly. . . . *L'Algérie, c'est la France!*"

It's all very spectacular and edifying. Unfortunately, it doesn't answer a number of questions—questions which anyone who travels through Algeria is inevitably led to ask. Why are there 200,000 troops in the country? Why is the biggest Arab party banned, and its leaders imprisoned or exiled? Why—after a century of peace—are 3,000 "bandits" awaiting trial in military prisons? Why is it necessary to bomb Arab villages in the Aurès? And why, above all, does everyone you talk to radiate the same sense of insecurity and fear?

The truth is, the façade of progress—the skyscrapers, the civil rights solemnly inscribed in the Statute—is pitifully thin, and since last November, when Algeria erupted into armed revolt, it has collapsed in ruins. The French occupied Algeria by force, they colonised it by force, and they still hold it by force. The idea of a joint Franco-Arab community, enjoying the same rights and privileges, is an elaborate myth. There are two nations in Algeria: 1,000,000 Frenchmen, who control the administration and 80 per cent. of the economy; and 8,000,000 politically and economically underprivileged Arabs. No amount of official propaganda can conceal this familiar pattern of colonialism.

The pattern emerges most clearly in the land. Of 5,625,381 hectares under regular cultivation, the French own 37 per cent., which includes 75 per cent. of the high-grade land. Yields per hectare are from 100 to 500 per cent. higher on French-owned farms—a ratio reflected in the comparative incomes of French and Arab farmers: £1,500 a year for the French, £25 for the Arabs. The social structure reveals the same tendencies. Of the 1,300 *grandes propriétés*, only 50 are owned by Arabs. Of the 44,434 freehold farms, only 19,755 are owned by Arabs. The immense majority of the Arab agricultural population—some 1,800,000—work as day-labourers on French farms or scratch a precarious living from second-grade land in the hills.

And the smiling *fellahs* driving tractors? True, there are now 17,000 tractors in Algeria—three times as many as in 1939. But 16,500 are owned by the *colons*. A *fellah* with an annual income of £25 finds it difficult enough to buy seed, let alone tractors; even if he has full ownership of his land and is legally eligible for a loan, he is clearly an unjustifiable risk for the banks. Last year, for instance, the Caisse du Crédit Agricole Mutuel issued £42,000,000 in loans; but this sum went to a mere 51,000 farmers, of whom 45,000 were Frenchmen. The Government have tried to solve the problem by setting up a credit agency, the Societé Agricole de Prévoyance, which issues loans to the *fellahs*. But the credits at its disposal are miserably inadequate: in 1953, for instance, £2,000,000 was distributed among more than 600,000 *fellahs*.

The tragedy transcends the limits of mere social justice. For Algeria is moving steadily towards starvation. In the last 50 years, the population has doubled; it is now increasing at the annual rate of 2.75 per cent., every year there are another 250,000 mouths to feed. Clearly, even to maintain the present standard of living—1,500 calories a day—the farming methods of the *fellahs* must be revolutionised. The French, as they hastened to assure me, are fully aware of the problem. Since 1946, the Government has started a number of pilot farms, known as Secteurs d'Amélioration Rurale, to improve production among the *fellahs*. Everyone agrees that these experiments have been successful. But the financial and material effort they involve is ludicrously small. In the first eight years of its existence, the S.A.R. has spent only £2,600,000, and at its highest estimate, the results of eight years' work is an annual production increase sufficient to provide a minimum subsistence to 78,000 Arabs—less than one-third of the annual increase in population.

What of the other benefits of French citizenship? Theoretically, the Arabs, like the French, receive free medical aid and social insurance. In fact, only 1,600,000 are eligible for social insurance, and the scheme is breaking down for lack of funds. A report issued last September by the doctors of the Constantine Department emphasised the almost total failure of government health policy in the area. Out of a rural population of 2,500,000, the report stated, only 150,000 belonged to the scheme and, owing to transport difficulties, many of these were unable to make use of it. The result is that in the Constantine area, there are 1,500,000 cases of malaria, 250,000 cases of trachoma and 50,000 cases of tuberculosis. It's the same story in the Algiers Department. A doctor who works in the hills east of Algiers told me: "We must have more doctors. Two thousand for the whole of Algeria isn't enough. Apart from Algiers and Oran, that means one doctor for 10,000 inhabitants . . . It's quite beyond Algeria's resources to maintain an independent health service on the French model—the only solution is heavy subsidies from the metropolis. After all *l'Algérie, c'est la France!*"

Yes, Algeria is France—but France with a difference. Education, as in France, is compulsory and universal. But the number of children between the ages of 6 and 14 receiving no education at all *rose* from 1,140,000 in 1944 to 2,400,000 in 1954. In 1964, at the present rate, it will be 5,000,000. Meanwhile, credits for schools fell from £4,931,000 in 1952-53 to £4,465,007 in 1954-55. But lack of money alone does not explain why the country has one of the highest illiteracy rates in the world. One of the objects of French policy is the destruction of the Arab language and culture; and, at both a central and local level, the authorities try to prevent the building of Arab schools and the training of Arab teachers. At the moment, only 293 Arabs are attending teacher-training colleges. Yet, in the Kabylie, 30 schools are closed for lack of staff. The formalities required for the construction of an Arab school take two years to complete, and municipal councils are often in a position to impose a veto—in the commune of Arris, for instance, local officials have successfully opposed the opening of new Arab schools for the past 15 years. The central government is more subtle in its methods but its objects are similar. Indeed, teachers are not popular at the Government-General, and one official gave me a frank explanation: "The teachers who come out from France are what we call *frangaoui*. They don't know Algeria, and they don't understand the situation. *They think the Arabs are always in the right.*"

Education is merely one of the ways in which Clause 82 of the Statute of Algeria, which guarantees equality of opportunity, is patently and systematically ignored. How many Arabs are in

the higher branches of the administration? Less than five per cent. How many Arabs have attended the Institute of Agriculture in Algiers since it was founded 50 years ago? Exactly two. At the Government-General, an official had a ready answer: "It's not a question of opportunity. Between ourselves, the well-off Arabs only want to go into certain professions—teaching, the law, politics, anything involving a lot of talking in fact. But a technical profession? *Mon cher jeune homme*, have you ever met an Arab who can draw a straight line between two points?" This kind of racial prejudice is almost universal in Algeria. At Constantine, an Arab mechanic told me: "The firm I work for pays me 200 francs an hour. Recently, they took on a young Frenchman. He has the same training as I have and less than half the experience, but he gets paid 260 francs an hour. The extra 60 francs? They call it 'bonus for additional qualifications.'"

Equal rates of pay, minimum wages—they all exist in theory. But with 1,500,000 unemployed and only a handful of labour inspectors, the system can't work. Even so, an official needn't visit an estate to discover abuses. Last year, an account of a board meeting of an Algerian distillery appeared in the financial papers. A M. Larbi, the manager of one of the firm's estates, was accused by certain members of the board of paying his workers 200 francs a day instead of the official rate of 350, and pocketing the difference. M. Larbi, continued the account, admitted the underpayment, but claimed that the difference had been paid into the funds of the firm. An examination of the books proved this to be correct, whereupon "the board tendered its apologies and complimented M. Larbi on his honesty and integrity."

These are just some of the ways in which the French preponderance, *la présence française*, is maintained. But what of the political rights invested in the Statute? Algeria now sends 30 deputies to the National Assembly, 14 to the Senate, 18 to the Assembly of the French Union. It has a 120-member Algerian Assembly and, in most of the country, elected municipal councils. Why has not this new political power been used to modify the pattern of colonialism? The answer to this question brings us to the heart of the problem.

The Prefabricated Democracy

ALL along the majestic Boulevard Carnot, which towers above the port of Algiers, stand the citadels of French economic and political power; the Prefecture, the *Echo d'Alger*, the Crédit Industriel et Commercial, the Banque d'Algérie et de Tunisie, the Crédit Lyonnais, the Crédit Foncier de l'Algérie, the Banque de la Mediterranée. . . . Sandwiched between them is a new building over which floats the tricolour. "What's that?" I asked my companion, an Arab lawyer. "That," he said bitterly, "is the Algerian Assembly—the symbol of our progress towards self-government. That's where the *beni-oui-ouis* live."

A *beni-oui-oui*? It's no use looking in *Larousse* for a definition. The term is peculiarly Algerian—a verbal by-product of colonial rule. To understand its significance it is necessary to know something of the struggle for Algerian independence. Algeria, unlike Tunisia and Morocco, was annexed entirely by force; its seizure by the French in 1830 was a purely military operation, which had none of the constitutional complications of the "protectorates" set up in Tunis and Rabat. The conquest obliterated the Arab social and political structure. This is probably the reason why Algerian Nationalism developed so late, and is so lacking in unity. The Nationalists have been unable to group themselves round a Bey, as in Tunisia, or around a Sultan, as in Morocco, and negotiate with the French on a legal basis. Inevitably they come up against the simple proposition which has always been the legal basis of French rule: *the Algerian nation does not exist; Algeria is part of France.* Any Algerian political party has therefore to make a crucial choice: whether to advocate reforms within the framework of this proposition, or to reject it entirely. And, if they choose the second, they automatically become a revolutionary party.

It was the war which really opened the way to Algerian self-government. The fall of France destroyed the myth of French superiority. North Africa was conquered by the Allies, who brought with them the open anti-colonialism of Roosevelt. In Paris, the Liberation swept the Left into power. Legislation passed in 1944 gave the Algerians the right to elect thirteen Deputies and a substantial proportion of the municipal councils. Unfortunately, at the very moment when real progress seemed possible, the inherent weaknesses of Algerian Nationalism played into the hands of the *colons*. Four parties struggled for the new Arab vote. There were the Ulemas, the fanatical partisans of Pan-Islamism. There was the Algerian Communist Party, oscillating between "integration" and "independence." There were the moderates, the U.D.M.A., who wished to see Algeria become a self-governing community within the French Union. Finally, there was the extremist M.T.L.D. with a programme of total independence. The M.T.L.D., under Messali Hadj, possessed the biggest mass-following, but because of its programme it was banned from political activity.

At the election to the National Assembly in November, 1946, the administration skilfully exploited these divisions. In the middle of the election campaign Messali Hadj was suddenly released from prison and the M.T.L.D. restored to legality. The U.D.M.A., desperately anxious not to split the Nationalist vote, agreed to withdraw its candidates. Then the administration struck: two days before the elections, two-thirds of the M.T.L.D. candidates were declared "ineligible to stand for office." A new party emerged victorious: "the League of Franco-Arab Amity." Its candidates were wealthy Arabs, carefully selected by the administration, whose attachment to France was assured by their presence on the boards of French businesses. They were the yes-men, the *beni-oui-ouis*.

The Nationalist threat, however, was not yet averted. In 1947 the National Assembly, despite the bitter opposition of the North African lobby, passed the Statute of Algeria. This divided Algeria into two electoral colleges, one French and one Arab. Each was to elect 15 Deputies to the National Assembly. In addition, the Statute created an Algerian Assembly, consisting of 120 members—sixty elected by each college—which was to vote the Algerian budget and exercise limited legislative powers. The Statute was essentially a cautious step forward but, conscientiously applied, it gave the Algerians a real measure of power. At the October, 1947, municipal elections—the first to be held under the Statute—the M.T.L.D. captured 90 per cent. of the seats in the second college.

This victory terrified the *colons*. If the Statute were applied, the M.T.L.D., a party which challenged the very basis of French rule, would dominate the new Assembly, due to be elected in 1948. The only solution was to fake the elections. Before the voting, therefore, the administration drew up lists of "independent" candidates, selected from the most reliable *beni-oui-ouis*. The lists were dispatched to the sub-prefects and mayors in charge of voting arrangements, together with explicit instructions. The result was an overwhelming triumph for the "Independents." The *beni-oui-ouis* and the *colons* got 55 out of 60 seats in the first college and 41 out of 60 in the second. At the June, 1951, elections to the National Assembly, the administration candidates won all fifteen seats in the second college. Since then, they have won every by-election.

The crudeness of the methods by which these results are obtained is almost unbelievable. At Port-Guydon in 1951 the official candidate received 23,645 out of a possible total of 23,676 votes, although the M.T.L.D. had asked voters to abstain. At one voting booth the official candidate received 800 votes and the M.T.L.D., U.D.M.A. and C.P. candidates *none;* afterwards, it was discovered that there were only 400 electors. Last November, at a by-election, the official candidate got over 16,000 votes and the Nationalist candidate 10; observers present at the booths calculate that less than 3,000 voted. Examples like these could be quoted *ad nauseam*. Voting lists are padded, fake identity cards issued, booths closed half an hour after they are opened, voting slips forged. The use of such methods is attested by detailed reports in newspapers like *Le Monde*, and by official statements of French deputies present at the elections. But complaints of irregularities are met with polite denials at the Government-General and by official indifference in Paris. Indeed, the last Governor-General, M. Léonard, made it clear that he gave his officials *carte blanche*. "I am prepared," he announced publicly, "to back up my subordinates to the hilt. If they are guilty of errors, I am prepared to excuse them, *provided such errors spring from a sincere regard for the public welfare.*"

The result of these prefabricated elections is the comic-opera Assembly on the Boulevard Carnot. The debates in this quaint institution have to be heard to be believed, for the French, in their search for sufficiently reliable *beni-oui-ouis*, had to scrape the bottom of a never-very-promising barrel. The *beni-oui-oui* elected President of the Assembly Education Committee, for example, was discovered (too late) to be an illiterate. Another, the victim of a joke by an ebullient *colon*, put down a motion calling on the Governor-General "to show cause why the importation of three-humped Greek camels into Algeria was forbidden." Unfortunately, however, the Assembly is not a laughing matter. It disposes of considerable financial powers and takes decisions affecting the livelihood of 8,000,000 Arabs. Since it was created, credits for education and health have been cut, fresh barriers have been erected against the advancement of Arabs in civil service, and investments have been whittled down. The Assembly, in fact, bears a heavy responsibility for much of the misery and racial discrimination I described above.

But the tragedy goes deeper than this. "If the French don't think we're capable of voting," an Arab told me, "why don't they admit it frankly?" Many of the Arabs I met told me they had no intention of voting under the present system. The "application" of the Statute, in fact, has destroyed the Arabs' faith in French democracy. Inevitably, the Nationalists who still believe in the principle of negotiation have been discredited and have lost their following. Their supporters

have moved away to the M.T.L.D. and the men who advocate total independence. But the drift towards extremism does not stop even here. By imprisoning or exiling the M.T.L.D. leaders, the French have deprived the Party of any responsible direction. In many of the Party cells, the advocates of "direct action" have taken control. Again and again, moderate Nationalists have warned the administration that a dangerous situation was developing. These warnings were ignored: in the words of M. Léonard (1954), "there is no political problem in Algeria." But mass-movements of opinion, alas, cannot be curtly dismissed by the *obiter dicta* of civil servants. On November 1, the *fellahs* of the Kabylie and the Aurès rose in armed revolt. Algeria now has not merely a political problem, but a military one.

The Frontiers of Violence

It was dark when I arrived at Constantine. Groups of steel-helmeted *gendarmes* patrolled the streets: this was the gateway to the terrorist country. To the south lay the massif of the Aurès: snow-covered mountains, tiny mountain villages inaccessible in winter, and 3,000 terrorists armed with old German rifles. Next day, the train to Biskra, nerve-centre of the Aurès, was crowded with *colons* and soldiers returning from leave; on the road which runs parallel to the track we passed lorry-loads of troops, heading south; a helicopter, on the look-out for terrorists, droned overhead. I asked the *colons* about the situation. "I live in Biskra," said one. "So I'm all right. But if you've got a farm in the foothills, it's different. My cousin had his barn burned two weeks ago." The ticket inspector said: "They've tried to blow up this line three times, but the bombs never go off properly. Catch an Arab who can set an alarm-clock, let alone a booby-trap!" Only one of the *colons* complained: "Last month, the *gendarmes* arrested two of my farmhands, beat them up and kept them in Biskra for three days. Said they were Reds. That left me short-handed. Well, I'm a French farmer and I pay taxes and I'm entitled to some consideration." Everyone agreed that the Government had the situation in hand. "It'll take time. The troops are doing their best. They'll soon polish them off when the Spring comes." True, one of the passengers thought it would take a long time to clear up the rebels. But he wasn't a *colon;* he was simply a sergeant in the medical corps who had been sent out to Algeria two months before. And he had been in Indo-China.

Biskra is an oasis town on the edge of the Sahara. In the early hours of November 1 it had been attacked by terrorists. Now, it was crammed with troops and there had been no more trouble. I had a letter of introduction to a local M.T.L.D. militant. That evening, he introduced me to a *fellagha*, a young man, about twenty-five, who had been educated in a French primary school. "There were twelve in our band before the fighting started," he told me. "A Tunisian who had crossed over the hills was supposed to be in charge, but the others didn't like the way he bossed us around. We each got a rifle and ten rounds of ammunition. The night of November 1, we occupied a small village. They thought we were bandits at first, but afterwards they were quite friendly."

"What made you return?" I asked. "After a few days we had a quarrel with the Tunisian," he said. "He left us to go back to Tunisia. Then in one of the villages, I heard that a friend of mine had been arrested in Biskra, so I went home. Two days after I got back, the French arrested me. They knew I was a member of the M.T.L.D.

They asked me a lot of questions and I was hit in the face with a steel ruler. I had my hands tied with rope"—he showed me the marks on his wrists—"and I didn't get any food for three days, but they didn't torture me. They tortured some of the others. Then, two weeks ago, they let me go. They said they could arrest me again if they wanted to, and that my father would be arrested if I left Biskra."

The young man was probably one of the "intellectuals" who, according to the French, are responsible for the troubles in the Aurès. But he seemed to know surprisingly little about the origins of the revolt and the men who planned it. This ignorance, I found, is very general in Biskra. In Algiers—and even more so in Paris—everyone has very clear-cut ideas. It's either an armed revolt, sponsored by the M.T.L.D. and led by international terrorists, or else it's a spontaneous uprising of the oppressed *fellahs*. But in the actual area affected by the fighting, people are much less certain. The following facts, however, seem fairly well substantiated. First, the rising was in no way planned by the official leadership of the M.T.L.D. Since July, the movement has been badly split, and some militants, despairing of achieving anything through political action, created "revolutionary committees." These formed the nucleus of the rising in the Aurès and the Kabylie, the two main centres. Secondly, these groups were joined by 300 professional bandits and a small number of experienced terrorists from Tunisia. Thirdly, the local population has adopted a "wait-and-see" attitude, though there is clearly widespread sympathy for the terrorists.

Meanwhile, in Algeria as a whole, the situation is developing on familiar lines. The extremist wing of the *colons* is clamouring for repressive measures. On December 8, the Federation of Algerian Mayors passed a resolution recommending the formation of local *colon* militias, the use of napalm on Arab villages in the disaffected areas, the opening of concentration camps, the immediate confiscation of goods of "suspects," and summary executions. So long as Mendès-France was in power, these hysterical outbursts were ignored in Paris; but even he was unable to prevent the wave of repression which followed the risings. Over 3,000 Arabs were arrested; in many cases torture was used and five of the victims are known to have died. Some 4,000 troops invaded the Kabylie area, evacuated scores of villages and razed them to the ground. In the Aurès, villages were machine-gunned by low-flying aircraft. Here, for instance, is a list of some of the incidents which occurred in January. January 8 at Baniane: soldiers, in the presence of a lieutenant, killed an Arab merchant after robbing him of 173,000 francs. January 18 at Ouled Mancour: troops arrested 150 Arabs, of whom nine were shot without trial. January 26 in the Aurès: five villages, containing 6,000 people, were evacuated and destroyed by bombs. January 27 at Tizi-Ouzou: four soldiers and a police-inspector raped three Arab women at pistol-point. The Government in Paris can do little about such outrages unless it exercises effective control over the officials on the spot. It was for this reason that M. Mitterrand, Mendès-France's Minister of the Interior, placed the Algerian police under the direct supervision of Paris at the beginning of January. This move was followed by the recall of the Governor-General, M. Léonard, and his replacement by the able and progressive M. Soustelle.

Basically, Mendès-France's policy was as follows: restore order as quickly as possible; at the same time, introduce administrative reforms to enable the Government to apply the Statute. To implement this policy, he encouraged the formation of a progressive group of *colons*, and made two of its members junior Ministers. Most of the Nationalists with whom I talked criticised this policy as too timid. But in the circumstances it was probably the only realistic one. To push through genuine reforms in Algeria, four conditions are required: a progressive Governor-General in Algiers, a progressive Minister of the Interior to back him up in Paris, a progressive Prime Minister to back up the Minister of the Interior in the Cabinet, and a progressive majority to keep the Prime Minister in power. Until the appointment of M. Soustelle, only the second and third of these conditions were fulfilled. The support of an active and powerful group of liberal *colons* was therefore essential—and this meant proceeding very slowly.

The fall of Mendès-France and the recreation of the old Right-centre majority marked the end of this tentative "liberal" policy. On March 15, M. Bourgès-Maunoury, the new Minister of the Interior, announced the measures he proposed to take to "solve the Algerian problem." They were twofold: dispatch of more troops and police, and the creation of a "State of Urgency" to enable troops to arrest suspects without warrants. Early this month, the Assembly approved these proposals by a large majority. Algeria's only hope is that next year's elections will return a *Left*-centre majority to the Assembly. Meanwhile, 8,000,000 Arabs must continue to live in economic misery and political degradation, under the constant threat of imprisonment and torture. Some of them have already crossed the frontiers of violence. By next year it may well be too late to return.

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Zero Hour for France in Tunisia

DESPAIR in Algeria, aimless, self-perpetuating violence in Morocco—by comparison, Tunisia is a land of hope. But it is an anxious, new-born hope, overshadowed by years of broken promises and bad faith. In Paris, the negotiations for a new constitution drag on from week to week. Meanwhile, in Tunis both sides watch and wait. At the Residency, I talked with the Director of Internal Security, a distinguished military gentleman who had, so he told me, great experience of putting down Berber rebellions ("I was Lyautey's aide-de-camp, you know"). He seemed optimistic about the future. "The surrender of the *fellaghas* transformed the situation," he told me. "Of course, when we first put forward the idea of an amnesty, the *colons* were up in arms. But over 2,000 *fellaghas* came in during December, and we calculate that there are less than 200 still at large. So we were proved right."

Then why, I asked, were the troops still carrying out widespread operations? Well, the fact was the *fellaghas* only surrendered a part of their arms. About a third, to be precise. And they still had plans for a concerted rising if the negotiations broke down. So it was necessary to be on the look-out for trouble-makers, and this occasionally led to a spot of bother ("the town Arab is a tricky customer, you know—give me a Berber tribesman any day"). But what about the cases of torture I'd been hearing about? Here, the military gentleman waxed indignant: "I see you've been reading the Communist press. I personally investigate every report, and I'm prepared to swear that this is the best-disciplined body of troops I've ever had to deal with—good French peasant lads, honest as the day is long." And the police? "Well, policemen are policemen, you know. . . . Anyway, that's not my pigeon."

Elsewhere, I heard a different story. The amnesty was certainly a step in the right direction, but it had its defects. The *fellaghas* who surrendered in December are, in fact, in a curious legal position. The amnesty itself is merely a modern version of the old Moroccan *aman*, or free pardon. Under Moorish law, a man in possession of the *aman* could claim immunity from prosecution for any crimes committed up to the date at which it was issued. But under French law the *aman* has no legal validity, and its possession does not exempt any of the *fellaghas* from prosecution in the military tribunals. I pointed this out to the military gentleman, and he admitted that the amnesty was illegal; but he claimed that the *fellaghas* were not in fact being prosecuted under the terms of a "gentleman's agreement."

From other sources, however, I learnt that this "gentleman's agreement" is not worth much in practice. Whatever the Residency's attitude, the final decision rests with the military magistrates. Many of these were born in Tunisia and almost all of them are closely identified with the *colons*, who have always regarded the amnesty with bitter hostility. In at least ten cases, so far as I could ascertain, *fellaghas* have been prosecuted and sentenced for crimes committed during the period covered by the *aman*. In two of these cases, writs of prosecution were not served for fear that the Resident-General would be informed and intervene; the two *fellaghas* were not, therefore, represented in court and were condemned, in their absence, to long terms of imprisonment.

These examples illustrate the legal anarchy which, despite the *détente*, still reigns in Tunisia. Under the State of Siege, the military tribunals have almost limitless powers of arrest and preventive detention. Prosecutions are usually based on a vague clause in the military code which deals with *atteint à la défense nationale*, punishable by death. A Tunisian was recently prosecuted under this clause for killing a police-dog. He was unarmed at the time and he claimed that the dog attacked him first; nevertheless, he was condemned to death. All the Tunisian barristers with whom I talked complained of irregularities. In numerous cases, for instance, they are not allowed to see police records of the accused. To obtain "confessions" and information, the police frequently resort to torture, using an "electric belt" which leaves no marks on the victim.

Even in cases where the victim's body is marked, it is impossible to obtain legal redress. Either the examination is carried out by a police doctor or, if a private doctor is engaged, the magistrate delays the hearing of the case. And there are plenty of other reminders that Tunisia is still a police State: the tapped telephones, the letters which never arrive, the steel-helmeted *gendarmes* patrolling the medina in Tunis. A French lawyer, well known for his pro-Nationalist sympathies, told me: "I don't keep confidential documents in my office any more, and I send all my letters by messenger. As for the telephone. . . ." He lifted the receiver and handed it to me; after a few seconds, I heard a slight, significant click.

Nevertheless, a peaceful solution is still possible in Tunisia. The amnesty, despite its defects, has convincingly proved that conciliation is more effective than force. The completion of the negotiations has been delayed, but so far a rupture has been avoided. Even the Neo-Destour, which has every reason to distrust the French, now permits itself a small measure of cautious optimism. "We're keeping our fingers crossed," a Party official told me, "but still, this time we really think the French will go through with it." If this proves to be correct, it raises an important question: why has the Nationalist movement succeeded in Tunisia? The answer is by no means simple. One factor is clearly the relative weakness of the *colons*: out of a total population of nearly 4,000,000 only 250,000 are Europeans. Another is Tunisia's poverty: average income among the Tunisian *colons* is nearly 25 per cent. lower than in Algeria, and annual investment per head is 5,500 francs, compared with 9,400 francs in Algeria and 8,700 in Morocco. Tunisia's old-established industries, such as phosphates, no longer attract French capital, and extensive prospecting has failed to reveal workable oil deposits. Without even allowing for inflation, private investment has dropped 25 per cent. since 1949.

As a result, the Tunisian lobby lacks the financial resources of its counterparts in Algeria and Morocco. In recent years, in fact, the main opposition to Tunisian self-government has come not from the *colons* but from the civil servants at the Residency—from men trained in the imperialist, pro-consular traditions of the Quai d'Orsay, or ex-prefects, imbued with the principles of Napoleonic centralisation. But recently even the attitude of the Residency has changed. When Mendès-France sent out General de Latour as Resident-General, he acted in the belief that an unimaginative man who obeys orders is better than a clever one who doesn't—a correct assumption, as it turned out. In the last year there have been big changes among the senior officials, and most of those to whom I talked gave me the impression that they were becoming reconciled to a gradual devolution of authority.

These, however, are contributory factors. The changed attitude of the Residency is itself merely the reflection of the growing strength of Tunisian Nationalism. Tunisia's geographical position places it in much more direct contact with the centre of the Arab world than the other North African colonies; and this has led to a greater sense of national awareness. This fact, plus the political genius of Habib Bourguiba, has enabled the Neo-Destour to merge the Arab bourgeois intellectuals with the mass of the *fellahs* in a single, disciplined party; and thanks to Ferhat Hached, the creator of the U.G.T.T., this has been backed up by an efficient and united trades union movement. C.P. and Socialist organisations, which have split the Nationalist front in Algeria and Morocco, have made little headway in Tunisia—despite, on occasions, the assistance of the Residency. The U.G.T.T., for instance, has over 100,000 paid-up members, compared with 8,000 for the Socialist union and under 5,000 for the Communist-dominated U.S.T.T.

This sense of National solidarity is the real key to Tunisia. The division of the local population is the basis of French rule in North Africa: in Morocco they play off the Berbers against the Arabs, in Algeria they mobilise the *beni-oui-ouis;* but in Tunisia they are faced with a coherent national spirit which transcends class barriers. In 1943, for instance, the French deposed the Bey for much the same reasons as they were later to exile the Sultan of Morocco. But his successor, whom they themselves chose, has since identified himself with the Nationalists to such an extent that one member of the North African lobby referred to him as "that perfidious agent of foreign interests." Again, on two occasions, the French have formed puppet Cabinets of "representative Tunisian leaders"; but faced with the

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unanimous hostility of the population, both eventually resigned. When Mendès-France became Prime Minister last year, there was no Tunisian Government in office; despite threats and bribes, the Residency had been unable to find a prominent Tunisian willing to form a cabinet. Mendès-France therefore took the logical step of negotiating with the real representatives of the Tunisian nation—the Neo-Destour. His successor, M. Faure, has since confirmed that "this is the only solution for Tunisia."

So, at long last, the French agreed to come to terms. They now have an opportunity to place their relationship with the Arab peoples of North Africa on an entirely different footing; for, if the Tunisian negotiations are completed, and if the new constitution is applied in good faith, the way will be open for a *détente* in Algeria and even, eventually, in Morocco. Throughout North Africa, the Nationalists to whom I talked were unanimous in stating that everything hinged on the success of the new policy in Tunisia. Fortunately, even in the present Government, there are men like Edgar Faure and Robert Schuman who realise that France is now at the parting of the ways. But there are also others, like M. July, the Minister in charge of the negotiations, who do not—or who choose to ignore it. Already, there are indications that the French negotiators have raised their price since the fall of Mendès-France. When the talks were resumed in Paris on Good Friday, the French were understood to be claiming that, in large towns, half the Councillors should be French, and that a (partly French) Economic Council should maintain some control over the budget. Already there are reports of renewed terrorist activity in the Tunisian hills. "If the French betray their promises this time," I was told, "then the last hope of a peaceful solution will disappear, and we will have to turn to Cairo and the *fellaghas*." It is zero hour in Tunisia: the clock cannot be put back.

Morocco: Government by Murder

Morocco is *la présence française* without the fancy trimmings. It has none of the comic opera assemblies, fake elections and constitutional mumbo-jumbo of Algeria. Here, French administrators scarcely bother to conceal the fact that they represent only the *colons*, and that orders from Paris are systematically ignored. Here, a triumvirate of feudal chieftains, big businessmen and corrupt civil servants rule a country of 9,000,000 inhabitants, with murder as the ultimate administrative weapon. Morocco is French colonialism with the lid off.

At the beginning of August, 1953, the rulers of Morocco met in Marrakesh. There were two elderly Berber chieftains—El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh, and Sheik El Kittani, his faithful lieutenant. There were the representatives of big business among the administration—M. Boniface, police chief of Casablanca, M. Vallat, Director of the Interior, M. de Blesson, Conseller to the Resident-General, and M. Thivend, Civil Controller of Marrakesh. And there was a spokesman of the ultra-reactionary *colons*—Dr. Emil Eyraud, director of *La Vigie Marocaine*. Together, they worked out the details of a *coup d'état* to depose the Sultan of Morocco. Two days later, El Glaoui forced or bribed 300 Berber dignataries into signing a petition for the Sultán's deposition. By August 15 he had collected a few thousand mercenary troops, who stood by ready to march on Rabat, the capital. On August 16 an ultimatum was presented to General Guillaume, the Resident-General. The same day Guillaume telephoned to Paris for orders. Two days later M. Bidault sent him a "general directive," which made no specific allusion to the conspiracy. As he had received no orders, Guillaume capitulated to the conspirators and the Sultan was deposed on August 20. Next month the Cabinet in Paris approved M. Bidault's Moroccan "policy."

On this occasion, as it happened, the rulers of Morocco went too far. Within the next year M. Boniface was retired, Messrs. Vallat and de Bresson removed, and Guillaume replaced by a mild liberal, M. Lacoste. But the damage had been done. Even before the deposition of the Sultan the Moroccan problem had been difficult enough. The French did not conquer Morocco in the same thorough way as Algeria. In the South they left the feudal Berber structure more or less intact, and built up the power of the independent Caids and Pashas in order to play off the 1,500,000 Berbers they commanded against the Arabs of the towns and plains. The Istiqlal, the only real Nationalist party, was weak and badly led, confined almost entirely to the big cities and infiltrated by Communists. The trade union movement was atrophied. The Sultan himself was a shabby figure, who supported the Nationalists mainly out of self-interest; he had too many concubines, kept too many Negro slaves, and threw too many people into the dungeons underneath his palace to make the independence movement respectable. Still, in theory at least, a solution was possible. The French could have negotiated with the Sultan, who did more or less represent Nationalist opinion.

His replacement by El Glaoui's puppet, a senile old man called Mohammed ben Arafa, removed the last chance of compromise. None of the Arabs—and very few of the Berbers, either—regard him as legitimate. After repeated assassination attempts he no longer leaves his palace, which is heavily guarded by troops and thugs. Since he represents nobody but El Glaoui, there is little point in negotiating with him. At the same time the French Government—as Mendès-France had to admit—cannot bring back the ex-Sultan, since the decision to depose him was officially "taken" in Paris. And the third course—to set up a council of regency to be followed eventually by the enthronement of one of the ex-Sultan's sons—has been vetoed by El Glaoui himself; as recently as last month he repeated his threat to unleash civil war if his Sultan were removed. What, then, is to be done? M. Lacoste has spent nearly a year "studying" reforms and commuting between Rabat and Paris. So far, all that he has produced are a few changes in trade union legislation—and even these have not yet been put into effect. A liberal member of the present Government told me: "The most we can hope for is that the solution to the Tunisian problem will lower the tension in Morocco. Then we may be able to do something constructive."

Meanwhile, the whole country is drifting into anarchy. The Nationalists have responded to force by force. The Istiqlal was never very effective as a political party, but its extremist wing has developed a remarkably efficient terrorist machine. Unlike their counterparts in Algeria, the Moroccan terrorists stay in the towns; they use sub-machine-guns and fast Citroens; they plan their murders with great care and rarely kill indiscriminately; and they nearly always get away with it. Of the conspirators of August, 1953, two have left Morocco; two (El Glaoui and El Kittani) no longer leave their homes; two (Dr. Eyraud and M. Thivend) have already been killed; and M. Boniface narrowly escaped death last month when his car was chased and machine-gunned by a black Buick. Every week the terrorists pick off one or two members of the "Union pour la Présence Française." Those that are left carry revolvers, move around in fast cars and stay at home after dark. M. Boniface now has twenty-four armed bodyguards, and his villa in the suburbs of Casablanca is guarded like a fortress.

Counter-terrorism, too, is now highly organised. According to reliable reports there are nearly 1,000 counter-terrorists in Casablanca, grouped in cells of ten and led by professional policemen. Occasionally they murder an Istiqlal leader; but this is difficult to organise. More frequently groups of four drive through the streets in a *traction-avant* and machine-gun Arabs sitting on the café terraces. In the first three weeks of March 46 Arabs were killed in this way. In recent months, however, attempts have also been made against the lives of liberal Frenchmen. A few weeks ago a liberal newspaper editor, whose life was in danger, was forced to leave the country, driving to Tangiers in an armour-plated car.

In Casablanca most of the senior police officials are Boniface appointees and take an active part in counter-terrorism. Boniface's successor, M. Fauquenot, is identified with the liberal camp, but he has now lost control of the situation and compromises by assuming strict neutrality. The recent case of M. Albert Forestier is a good illus-

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tration of current conditions in Casablanca. Forestier was a newcomer to Morocco, an Indo-China veteran. He joined the counter-terrorist movement from what appear to have been muddled idealistic motives. When he discovered the real objects of the organisation—and, in particular, its plans to assassinate liberal *colons*—he informed the authorities in Rabat and later forwarded certain incriminating documents to M. Chevrier, Director of Moroccan Security. A few weeks later, in February, he was killed in what were (according to the Casablanca police) "accidental circumstances." An inquiry was undertaken by the Rabat police over the heads of the Casablanca authorities, but it has had to be abandoned owing to "insufficient evidence"—a nice phrase. As a Socialist deputy remarked recently, "the writ of Rabat does not run in Casa."

This, then, is Casablanca, Morocco's economic and financial capital. M. Fouchet, Mendès-France's Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs, called it "the cancer of Morocco." True, Casablanca still bears all the outward signs of blatant prosperity. After Sao Paulo it is the world's fastest-growing city. Population has doubled since the war and is now nearing 800,000. On the big boulevards, with their fringes of ugly white skyscrapers, real estate costs more than on the Champs-Elysées. The flashy new hotels and apartment blocks are crowded with speculators, share-pushers, con.-men, expensive Franco-Spanish prostitutes and ex-army officers "willing to go anywhere, do anything." But the atmosphere is heavy with murder. Every day five or six people are shot down in the streets. Parts of the city, especially where the European section joins the Arab town, are deserted even in broad daylight. People carry guns and don't take much trouble to conceal the fact. Casablanca, in brief, is a modern boom-town with the legal code of the Wild West, a city run by gangsters, an economic frontier-post where the stakes are power as well as money.

The modern skyline of Casablanca was shaped by men who conquered Morocco in the name of Western order and progress. And its present state is the result of decisions—or the lack of decisions—for which French Ministers in Paris and French administrators in Rabat are directly responsible. Casablanca is a symbol and a warning to the rest of North Africa.

France's Search for a Policy

THIS analysis of the North African crisis would not be complete without an attempt to answer the question: what is France's policy? Viewed from North Africa itself, the reply can be given without hesitation: to maintain French political and economic supremacy for as long as possible. But viewed from Paris, the question becomes more difficult; indeed, it inevitably prompts another—*has* France a policy for North Africa? Until 1951, the Assembly was dominated by three parties—the Communists, the Socialists and the MRP—each committed to varying degrees of anti-colonialism. The 1951 elections marked a swing to the Right, but even so a majority of the present deputies, if asked point-blank, would probably proclaim themselves anti-colonialist. How, then, can one explain this enigma of an anti-colonialist country ruling a vast empire by every means at its disposal—including force?

History provides part of the answer. France emerged from the last war faced with an ever-declining position as a Great Power. But Frenchmen have so far been unable to make the required psychological adjustments. Since the façade of empire still existed, it had to be maintained, even though it was only a façade. This belief is general in France; it transcends class and party divisions. And it is strengthened by a more genuine and defensible one: a belief in the civilising mission of France, in *la présence française*. Left-wing deputies, anti-colonialist in mind and soul, have therefore found themselves defending what was left of the empire. This process has been aided by the structural characteristics of the French Union. Until last year, Morocco and Tunisia were administered by the Quai d' Orsay. They were thus merged with the general body of French foreign policy and became mere pawns, to be sacrificed if needs be in the game of world power politics. Hence, M. Schuman agreed to abandon his progressive policy in Tunisia in exchange for Cabinet support for "Little Europe." Hence, M. Bidault, believing that France could not remain one of the Big Four unless she kept her empire, connived at the *coup d'état* in Morocco.

As a result, neither successive Governments nor the Assembly has been able to frame a deliberately thought-out policy for North Africa. When Tunisia was discussed in June 1952, the Government refused to make its policy an issue of confidence and the debate ended without any motion being carried. Again, this February, the Assembly rejected the Government motion and overthrew Mendès-France, but it was unable to agree on any alternative. With Paris undecided, the *colons* have been able to take the matter into their own hands; and the decline of the French State, reflected in the increasing independence of colonial officials, has provided them with willing allies. Moreover, the "application" of the Statute of Algeria means that they now hold the balance of power in a paralysed and ungovernable Assembly. René Mayer, the man who overthrew Mendès-France, is himself a deputy only by virtue of a crooked Algerian election.

Thus France has found itself, in practice, maintaining the *status quo* in North Africa. The position might have been tenable if France, in return for keeping the political screws tight, could have assured the North African peoples a continuously rising standard of living. But she no longer possesses the resources to do this: in economic terms, her decline as a world Power has been not merely relative, but absolute. Total capital investments in North Africa fell from £245 million in 1952 to £186 million in 1954. The drop is far more serious than it seems at first glance; for in North Africa, France is faced not only with the normal problems of an economically backward area, but also with a demographic avalanche of gigantic proportions. The annual population increase is now over 600,000; even to maintain present living standards, an annual capital investment of £400 million is required. £400 million minus £186 million—the gap is already immense; and it grows year by year. The result is ever-increasing unemployment, poverty and discontent. There is, then, a certain truth in the statement, often made by French colonialists, that North Africa's problems are essentially economic; for if the economic problem did not exist, the purely political problem of self-government would be far less acute. But there follows from this a further conclusion which the colonialists refuse to draw: since there *is* an economic problem which, from a short-term point of view, is insoluble, the political problem is all-important.

Political problems require either political or military solutions. France seems to have chosen the first in Tunisia, the second in Algeria and Morocco. But the choice is more apparent than real: in sober fact, France no longer possesses the means to choose. Dien Bien Phu marked the end of an epoch in French history, and Frenchmen are now becoming conscious that they no longer possess either the will or the ability to fight another full-scale colonial war. The immediate future of North Africa will therefore be determined by the time it takes for this consciousness to express itself in political acts. Mendès-France tried to hasten the process, and for this he was overthrown. It remains to be seen whether his successors will revert to a policy of delay; but if so, the time they gain will have to be paid for in violence.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL *REASSESSMENTS*

Strachey's Eminent Victorians

THERE is a story told of a visit Lytton Strachey paid to Cambridge long after his fame as a writer had become established. At some rakish academic occasion off the King's Parade he stood nervously fingering his sherry glass, looking for a conversational bolt-hole. Suddenly, across the room, he spied a venerable white-haired, white-bearded old gentleman with rimless pince-nez and the air of a Blakeian prophet. Some great patriarch of learning, no doubt, a Porson, a Maitland, a Routh. The Reader in Papal Diplomatic, or was it the Professor of Pastoral Theology? At all events, he was a port in storm, a shield from all this young, frisking donnery. Stepping gingerly and ganglingly across the room, Mr. Strachey made for his objective. As he reached it, the stranger removed his glasses and revealed the lined face of a Tiresias, of some Ancient Mariner of the emotions. "Ah," smiled the old wolf in sheep's clothing, "I thought your eyes were *blew* but now I see that they are *vy-oh-lettel*"

I have always enjoyed this apocryphal story. In its way it is an inspired comment, both upon the Cambridge-Bloomsbury ethos and, more directly, upon Lytton Strachey himself. It somehow adds the appropriate postscript to that whole cult of æsthetics and personal relationships which has contributed so much to English life and letters and, in its last phase, has done so much to bedevil them. Many charges, fair and unfair, have been levelled against Bloomsbury. It has been described as spineless, cliqueish, spinsterly, Pharisaical and intellectually immodest; and there is doubtless a sense in which all these epithets are justified. Bloomsbury certainly did tend to divide the world into sheep and goats—those who lived in Gordon Square and its spiritual environs, and those who dwelt in the outer intellectual darkness. We have only to pick up Virginia Woolf's life of Roger Fry or Mr. Forster's study of Lowes Dickinson to be reminded of Mgr. Knox's description of Port-Royal—"an indefinable spirit of 'here's tae us and wha's like us' dominates their interminable biographies of one another." Yet there is another adjective that can be applied to Bloomsbury and which too seldom is applied. That adjective is "vulgar."

For there surely comes a moment at which sensibility, through being pushed beyond that point in art or in life where it is relevant, does become false sensibility, becomes in fact vulgarity. And in this sense Bloomsbury was often very vulgar indeed. Mrs. Woolf was vulgar after this manner when she drew Lord David Cecil into "Ethel's little back room" to bait Arnold Bennett ("And we taunted the old monster with thinking us refined"). A writer of Mr. Forster's eminence is vulgar when he proclaims that if he had the choice of betraying his friend or his country, he hopes that he would have the guts to betray his country. (If a man betrays his country, he presumably betrays a great number of his friends as well.) And when Lytton Strachey wrote mock-wonderingly of "the common-places of the moral judgment" or began affixing cheap labels to men like Clough and Acton, he too was being vulgar in much the same way.

The moral of *Eminent Victorians*, as of so much lesser mandarin writing of its period, is that great art and limited sympathies go ill together. In the work of all these three writers—but in Strachey's case especially—there is a blank indifference to nine-tenths of what constitutes the human condition, Johnson's "pain of being a man", that in such gifted and hyper-intelligent natures is quite astounding. In face of almost all the issues that vex men's social life—power, religion, sex, money, patriotism—these three great artists either preserve a shirking silence or indulge a brilliant triviality. Bloomsbury had a collective migraine. It shunned and hated Lawrence and Joyce, the two great rebuking geniuses of their time, just as it shunned and hated everything that was great or popular or noisy or powerful—everything, in fact, that failed to conform to its own high and etiolated standards. In the case of Mrs. Woolf, who was concerned solely with promoting the individual stream of consciousness—how exciting to run and post a letter, to try to read Greek, to cook *boeuf en Daube* for sixteen!—such limitations hardly mattered. In Mr. Forster's case, they resulted in a magnificently one-sided picture of British India.

But in Lytton Strachey's case they mattered considerably. For however many strange lights he turned upon his sitters, however many layers of gauze he drew over them, however often and cavalierly he chose to ignore the ice-blue flame that burned in the eyes of his Victorians, dipping his brush remorselessly in the *vy-oh-lette*, they remained real life-size men and women who had wrought and suffered and enjoyed. As far as the living can know the dead, as far as any of us can truly be said to know anything of one another, certain psychological and factual compass-bearings could be taken on their personalities. Each documented life held objections, nuances, protests, plain contradictions that contested the truth of Strachey's likeness. And for these reasons, to re-read *Eminent Victorians* after some fifteen years or so, is to experience four conflicting emotions—exhilaration, delight, exasperation, revulsion: delight in the book's wonderful wit and satirical presentation of character; exhilaration at the quality of the writing; exasperation at the falsity and twopence-colouring; and a revulsion at what now seems a trivial and uncompassionate view of human beings and of the human predicament.

Eminent Victorians is certainly the wittiest book of its period, both in its style and in its treatment, the first and finest piece of sharp-shooting through the crack that the Great War had made. From the moment we begin the preface, with its deadly pianissimo opening—"Ignorance is the first requisite of the historian"—Strachey's brilliant softening-up method begins to work upon us. Stunned by the epigrams, punch-drunk with the dazzling lethal impudence of the four portraits, we stagger through round after round of the ironic imagination—deprecating, sarcastic, erudite, farcical, mock-sententious—until finally in the last sentence of the book comes that magnificent knock-out foul blow: "... At any rate, it had all ended very happily—in a glorious slaughter of twenty thousand Arabs, a vast addition to the British Empire, and a step in the Peerage for Sir Evelyn Baring." Dirty fighting? Rubbish!

> It is not by the direct method of a scrupulous narration that the explorer of the past can hope to depict that singular epoch. If he is wise, he will adopt a subtler strategy. He will attack his subject in unexpected places; he will fall upon the flank and the rear; he will shoot a sudden, revealing flashlight into obscure recesses, hitherto undivined.

As early as 1918, the inventor of the gentle art of debunking realised that this new literary game could never be fought successfully by Queensberry Rules.

And then there is the style, that bland integumentary prose, its muscle covered over with what Strachey, *à propos* of Jowett, called "his own peculiar suavity"; so unaffected, so un-mandarinish, so easy, flowing, conversational, the prose of the born button-holer. Much of Strachey's secret as a stylist lies in his ability to enrich the prose of good sense—the prose of Addison and Berkeley and his beloved Hume—with the unexpected, arresting verb or adjective. Time and again in reading his work aloud (it is the supreme proof of its merit that it demands to be read in this manner) one is brought up short by a phrase that is inevitable yet startling: "the gigantic hecatomb of Omdurman," for instance. But it is in his adjectives—"the sarcastic years," Lord Palmerston's "happy valiance," Miss Nightingale's "fierce pen shaking with intimate anger" that he excels. He writes so well that when, as rarely happens, he falls beneath himself, the reader feels cheated. His cliché description of Wilton ("one of those great country houses, clothed in the glamour of a historic past, which are the peculiar glory of England") sticks out of an otherwise faultless paragraph like an advertisement hoarding in a Wiltshire water-meadow. Again, for all his brilliance, he often fails to rise to the great moment. Confronted with the full horror of a situation or an event, he is inclined to fall back on rhetoric—the parliamentary rhetoric of Macaulay. After a deeply harrowing description of the conditions at the Barrack Hospital, Scutari, he ends oratorically: "There were moments, there were places ... when the strongest hand was struck with trembling, and the boldest eye would turn away its gaze." But in general Strachey adapted Macaulay brilliantly to his purposes; the style that resulted has been a good, bad or indifferent model for biographers in this century ever since. One finds echoes of it in the most unlikely places; it can even be seen peeping from behind the Vanbrugh scrollwork of Sir Winston's great life of Marlborough.

This is not the place to discuss the factual faithfulness of each individual portrait in *Eminent Victorians*. It is now generally agreed that, with the possible exception of Manning, each of Strachey's sitters was absurdly travestied, Arnold's likeness being a particularly wretched caricature, quite unlike any contemporary account of the Doctor, either by his friends or his enemies. If the essay on Manning seems justified by Purcell's life of the Cardinal, a host of later writers (Mr. Sean O'Faolain at the head

of them) have demonstrated that the complementary miniature of the saintly lamb-like Newman is utterly wide of the mark. This is the grossest instance of Strachey's laying on the *vy-oh-lette*, sacrificing truth to artistic neatness. He thought that his tale needed an "eagle and dove" motif and he went bald-headed after it.

But however wrong he may have been in particular instances, there is a much more serious flaw in Strachey's work, and one that really does hinder our enjoyment. It lies in what one can only call the frivolity of his historical imagination. Just as Bloomsbury in general distinguished between Gordon Square and the others, so Strachey divided his imaginative conception of the past into æsthetically valid and invalid areas. The sixteenth century (*Elizabeth and Essex*) was passionate and curious; the seventeenth century (though in France only) was full of splendour and circumstance (see *Landmarks in French Literature*, his first, possibly his best, and certainly his sincerest book, the only work in which he breathed a note of genuine feeling); the eighteenth century (*Characters and Commentaries, Books in Miniature, Books and Characters*) was absolutely splendid for everybody except Dr. Colbatch and a handful of the religious poor; the nineteenth was jokey, provincial, eccentric, good only for a raised eyebrow and a gnat-like laugh, occasionally (*Queen Victoria*) tinctured with an ironically chivalrous sentimentalism. The twentieth was only good for running away from; Aldous Huxley hits off this side of Strachey admirably in one of his essays where he describes his friend as a cultured and unapproachable Red Indian, occasionally tossing the world a volume of essays over the wall of his reservation.

And so we come back to the priggish problem of Strachey's lodestone, his point of moral reference. What, in *Eminent Victorians* and its successors, was he after, what was he really trying to do? How did he conceive of his artistic purpose: was he a biographer, a "Georgian novelist" as Mrs. Woolf called him, or, as the late Desmond MacCarthy, perceptive as always, described him, "a painter of the past"? The third description would seem to fit best, yet it faces us with a further problem. What does being "a painter of the past" really mean? What is the value of a *genre* that depends for its raw material on historical truth, yet sticks so little to it and leans so heavily on the artistic imagination? How would a modern Aristotle define it? How would Johnson, whose *Lives of the Poets* Strachey so incredibly told Mr. Hesketh Pearson he had taken as his model, have commented on such a hybrid? What would have Sainte-Beuve, that scrupulous delineator of men and women, have made of these portraits? We cannot tell: we can only consult our own reactions and say that when we have put down this book we feel that we are left with—what? Not four portraits certainly. Four *chefs d'œuvre* of style, rather; four wonderfully executed pieces of virtuoso writing, the abstract art of prose itself, the smile on the face of the Cheshire Cat. And this leaves us dissatisfied. For, however seductive, literary art in the abstract, art without passion or true ingredient, art that fails to connect, is, as Miss Cavell said of patriotism, not enough.

JOHN RAYMOND

Numismatics for Student Christians

Christ and the Caesars. By ETHELBERT STAUFFER. *S.C.M.* 18*s*.

DR. ETHELBERT STAUFFER is professor at the University of Erlangen, and a well-known numismatist. If he had supplied a series of plates showing Roman coins and medals which refer to the impact of Christianity on the Imperial tradition and commented on them intelligently, that would have been a valuable service. Oddly enough, although several such are described, only one is reproduced—the gold medallion showing Constantine Chlorus's arrival in London, A.D. 296. The sixteen other full-page illustrations are sculptured heads of Emperors and Empresses, pre-Christian coins, and the Ravenna mosaic portrait (A.D. 547) of Theodora, wife of Justinian—she has apparently been mistaken for the earlier Empress Theodora who about the year 328 struck an important coin with a reversed cross on it. The book proves to be wide-eyed Evangelical propaganda disguised as history. Dr. Stauffer even commits himself to: "The Christians in the time of Constantine were a tiny minority without power or influence." And to the equally ingenuous: "In classical times there were instances of fine marriages: Aspasia and Pericles, Porcia and Brutus, Octavia and Antony . . ." Well, now, to think that Aspasia and Pericles were married after all, and that the Athenian comedians were wasting their gibes on a perfectly respectable couple! And to think that though Antony fell in love with Cleopatra, had a child by her and sent Octavia back to Rome in disgrace, thus precipitating the Battle of Actium, it still remained a fine marriage!

Dr. Stauffer devotes a whole chapter to the story of the tribute money in the Temple. He publishes a reproduction of the "tribute penny": rather a worn specimen (never mind, I have a better one knocking about in the drawer upstairs where I keep collar studs and razor blades). It shows Tiberius adorned with the laurel wreath; and the inscription runs: "Tiberius Caesar Augustus, son of the God Augustus." On the reverse, where Tiberius is described as Pontifex Maximus, his mother Livia appears seated on a throne, holding an Olympian sceptre and an olive branch. Dr. Stauffer accepts the story in the Synoptic Gospels at its face value; and yet with wonderful maladroitness gives the case away by observing: "*Romans xiii, 7a* is the oldest version of the story." (This Pauline text runs: "Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute, custom to whom custom . . ."). He pays no attention to the historical context of the "tribute-penny" incident, and does not even note the divergencies between the three Gospels. The context is the appearance of Jesus in the Temple just before the Crucifixion, supported by the excitable pilgrim crowd and a subject of deep suspicion to the pro-Roman Sadducees and Herodians. The famous question: "Is it lawful to pay tribute unto Caesar?" was designed to give Jesus the opportunity of agreeing that it was lawful to pay the Roman poll-tax so long as this involved no breach of the Law (*Numbers i, 49* and *Exodus xx, 4-5*). Some such declaration would have satisfied the Roman authorities by proving Jesus not to be a dangerous nationalist, like Judas of Galilee (*Antiquities xvii, 10, 4; Acts v, 37*). For although no synagogue-Jew could render this blasphemous *denarius* to Caesar, in acknowledgement of his sovereignty, without a breach of the Second Commandment, it was easy enough to pay the poll-tax in "clean" coin, without blasphemous legends, of which there were innumerable examples current in Palestine—Roman, Greek, Parthian, even Scythian.

Jesus forced the issue by calling for the "tribute penny," knowing that there was a strict Pharisee regulation in force against bringing any money into the Temple except that intended for free-will offerings to the Treasury, or for the purchase of sacrifices; and that official money-changers provided "clean" coin for such purposes. Now, Jesus's enemies are described as "Pharisees and Herodians" in *Matthew* and *Mark*, and as "Sadducees and Scribes" in *Luke*. But the Pharisees, being forbidden to handle unclean coin anywhere, especially in the Temple, could not possibly have produced the new *denarius* at his request; whereas the Sadducees and Herodians were less strict. And the Pharisees would have nothing at all to do with the Herodians.

My belief is, therefore, that Jesus told the Sadducees and the Herodians: "Render not unto Caesar that which is God's" (namely the sole right to be worshipped by Israel), "nor unto God that which is Caesar's" (namely a coin disqualified by its legend from being paid into the Temple Treasury). And that though he held the Law to be unalterable, his dictum was later emended to conform with the already canonical *Romans xiii, 7*, and "Pharisees" substituted for "Sadducees"; because the Pauline Church was now daring to resist St. James's religious discipline, boldly eating meat offered to idols, and declaring that Jesus had annulled the entire Law.

Dr. Stauffer's judgment on the Emperor Julian, none of whose most interesting coins are here described, is:

> Only once, after Constantine, did the heathen world raise its head again under Julian the Apostate. His efforts broke down in the cross-fire of public laughter and tradition relates that the Emperor died with the words: "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean," on his lips.

No, Student Christians, I know what you are going to say: that although Julian granted Christians religious toleration he also had the effrontery to allow the wicked Jews to rebuild their Temple at Jerusalem—a project fortunately interrupted by a miracle. All right, then, say it! But Julian was no luxurious, dissolute wretch who, having abandoned Christianity for a life of licence, got laughed to death by his ascetic and simple-hearted subjects. One day I shall translate for you a charming little work of Julian's, called *Misopogon*, in which he tells the people of Antioch what he really thinks of frivolous, luxurious, treacherous, vicious, hypocritical Christians—no tiny minority there—who despise a poor young Emperor because he strictly follows the ancient pagan virtues and even dares grow a beard.

ROBERT GRAVES

A Picnic in Crete

Saint John of Crete, a hermit, was shot by hunters in the hills, and dragged himself to a cave where he died. In the cave today is a vast stalagmite like a figure leaning over a trough to drink.

Spice from a kitchen of the soul
Or tar that boils on island jetty
Waft these legends round my bowl

Where simmer on the rock of Crete
Bones of Saint John who seemed a hare
Short-sighted hunters shot for meat,

Who leans in cave a sooty figure
Bent on the trough his wound had craved
When dying. We are exiles here

With charcoal pencils, hunger staved
By almond hills or honey light
Swarming on thyme with gypsum paved,

Who on the stone of sense must write
Names that defile but cannot free.
Here is no sacrifice. Our sight

Absorbed by the miracles can see
No marvel where all springs run wine
And pain for home can stir such beauty.

Walking through gum on hills of pine
I swear I will upset death's duty
And be the victim for words to dine.

RICHARD MURPHY

Adolf Galland
THE FIRST and THE LAST

With a Foreword by DOUGLAS BADER

The life and death of the Luftwaffe : the personal story of Adolf Galland, Germany's most famous fighter ace and wartime commander of the fighter force. Here is a document of cardinal importance in the history of the air war. It 'combines in one man's memoirs both the passion of combat and the perspective of command' *(Time Magazine)*

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FOOTNOTE: That irreverent novel about legal high jinks, *Smuggler's Circuit* by Denys Roberts, is now being broadcast in *A Book at Bedtime*, Light Programme, 11.5 p.m. From your bookseller, 10s 6d

HARRAP

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Routledge & Kegan Paul

New Novels

The Fool Killer. By HELEN EUSTIS. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Violent Saturday. By W. L. HEATH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Moonraker. By IAN FLEMING. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I must confess to starting *The Fool Killer* with a certain prejudice against. I don't greatly go for the fashionable Southern mixture; the lunatic child's view of the universe in spite of the fine writing—and the writing in these novels usually is fine—seems to me to mix the worst elements of the folk with the worst elements of the fey. *The Fool Killer*, which is told through the lips of a 12-year-old boy, an orphan in the charge of foster parents at a date in history just after the Civil War, begins along these lines. But soon its simplicity and truth quite won me over. It is not, in fact, fey: the child is a highly credible child with an unsophisticated boy's tastes and failings—he doesn't want to live in a tree or spy on his elders copulating; he is not bizarre. He runs away from "Them," for the very sufficient reason that they ill-treat him, and he tramps along looking for what every child seeks: affection and security.

He falls in with some odd company by the way. First there is an amiable old anarchist, known locally as Dirty Jim Jelliman, a widower so henpecked by his house-proud wife when she was alive that since her death he has luxuriated in the pleasure of doing only what he pleases when it pleases him. The house is falling quietly into decay, the windows flap glassless, dirt piles up on the floors, abandoned crockery overflows the kitchen; as for food, "We ate kind of sketchy, here and there, when we took the notion." Not surprisingly the boy falls ill, but not before he has been told the legend of the Fool Killer, that apparition who arrives in the night with an axe to chop up fools piecemeal. Rescued from this anarchy by Dirty Jim's cousin, the boy lies ill in their house until he is scared away from it by their terrifying little daughter, Blessing Angelina, so named "on account of Mama having seven misses before she come to me." She is an overwhelming child:

> Then she slid down again and come over to stare at me with those eyes that looked so big through the glasses and so little when you seen them plain, and I begun to see how them children was afraid of her—maybe she wouldn't of picked my eyes out with a fork, but I wouldn't of been surprised to have her bite a hunk out of me right then and there, she looked so ferocious—puny or no.

As soon as he is recovered, little George slips out of the window and makes off. Milo Bogardus, an ex-soldier suffering from black-outs as a result of a head wound, is his next encounter, and this romantic maniac becomes his dangerous hero. Luckily for the boy they lose each other one night at the end of an Evangelist Camp meeting, and the boy at last falls on his feet. He is taken in by a couple who keep a local store and are looking for the child they cannot have. And now the pattern of the book becomes clear. After the extremes of discipline and licence at last the child finds the mean in a decent orderly reality; and Miss Eustis's triumph is to make this everyday life with its routine and its chores and its human warmth seem much the most exciting experience of all. As a reader, one simply longs for it to be allowed to go on, for it not to be broken up by the reappearance of Milo, anxious to get his little hero-worshipper back and prepared to go to any lengths in his madness to do so. *The Fool Killer* is a parable about growth. It is an imaginative feat to have caught the inside life of a 12-year-old so exactly and to have kept it up without a false note from start to finish. This is a charming book, imaginative, humorous and wise.

Violent Saturday is remarkably accomplished for a first novel. Ostensibly it is the story of a bank robbery in an American small town in Alabama. It is wonderfully taut and brilliantly planned. First we watch the arrival of the bank robbers at a little town which pursues its small life without taking notice of them; the lives of the people and the plans of the hoodlums are cunningly interleaved so that we see where chance is to place each one of them when the robbery "happens." This makes for the compactest of structures and the sharpest of tensions, and, while we are held by the glittering eye of this simple device, Mr. Heath brings the inhabitants of Morgan startlingly alive. Here his success is to compel our interest in what are fundamentally not very interesting people. Boyd and Emily Fairchild are the rich young marrieds who drink too much and nurse a mild domestic problem. The Shelley Martins, on a lower income level, are happily fixed with two children and a warm sexy relationship. Henry Reeves, a respectable bank clerk, is visited with a sudden access of secret vice, and so on. And then upon these ordinary lives explodes the sudden, extraneous, disrupting act of violence. And that, really, is all. Quite how it is that with so little moral interest the impact is so forceful and so full I find it hard to analyse; it is partly the pace, partly the compression (it is a short novel), partly the design. In any case, it is a novel that you read at one gulp.

I have not come across Mr. Ian Fleming's previous two thrillers, but after reading *Moonraker* I shall make a point of getting hold of them. For this is a rich fruity old port of a Secret Service story (Bulldog Drummond vintage) with one of those debonair heroes who can somehow on a small income manage to afford only the best of everything, from shirts to wallpapers. One day he is summoned by M., his Chief ("the grey eyes were quiet and the little pulse that always beat high up on the right temple when M. was tense showed no sign of life"); it is, M. tells him, more or less a private matter. Sir Hugo Drax—"Temerity Drax"—a national hero who is completing work on that astonishing new guided missile, is suspected by Lord Basildon, the Chairman of Blades, of cheating at cards. "And don't forget that cheating at cards can still smash a man." Blades, the gambling club, founded at the same time as White's and Boodle's and Almack's, is a splendid fantasy of conspicuous waste. Snob luxury articles abound; even the lavatories are deodorised by Floris. Dinner at Blades will make your mouth water ("Any of that Beluga caviare left, Porterfield?") and 007 is an expert in the tricks of card sharpers. We learn about waxing aces: Edge Work and Line Work; Trimming; Belly Strippers and Shiners. Personally I was sorry to leave this padded luxury where the cheat is unmasked for the more strenuous adventures on the South Coast where the Rocket is building. The extravagance now is of violent action and extreme wickedness, and 007 saves London at the last second from total destruction. Mr. Fleming is splendid; he stops at nothing.

RICHARD LISTER

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Monstrous Orthodoxy

The Illusion of the Epoch: Marxism-Leninism as a Philosophical Creed. By H. B. ACTON. *Cohen & West.* 18*s.*

Were we to ask a large number of people what they believed, not just on the great issues, but on everything, what, in the most general terms, should we expect to find? Well, we should, I suppose, expect to find that everyone held a very large number of beliefs, some of which were true, some false. We should expect to find the same belief, whether true or false, held by a large number of different people. And we should expect to find the same proportion of true and false beliefs held by a large number of different people. What we should not expect to find is exactly the same set of beliefs, covering a very large number of very diverse subjects, held by a number of very different people. And yet this is just what we do find in the case of those who subscribe to some orthodox ideology; for instance, Marxists or Roman Catholics.

But why is this surprising? It is surprising because we think that ordinarily people adopt beliefs for reasons—whether these be reasons of the heart or the head is immaterial—and we cannot see how people in very different situations, with very diverse experience, can all be in possession of reasons leading to exactly the same conclusions. It seems too extravagant a coincidence for real life—unless, of course, it be that the beliefs are very obvious or very well attested, a contention grossly unplausible in these cases.

And this suggests that at least some of those who subscribe to such ideologies do so at least in part without reasons. They accept certain beliefs but do not really believe them. All Roman Catholics accept the assumption of the Virgin Mary: all Communists accept the thesis that freedom is the knowledge of necessity, or that Trotsky played no real part in the Russian revolution—but how many really have considered these beliefs and found better reasons for embracing them than for rejecting them or for suspending judgment on them?

This diagnosis of orthodoxy suggests a method of treatment: that is, that the best results are likely to be obtained not by a frontal attack, by questioning the truth of these beliefs—for then the believers close their ranks—but by an oblique attack, by inquiring into the reasons for these beliefs. Such is Professor Acton's way in this stimulating book. With patience, skill and learning, he moves through the great system of Marxism and shows, first of all, the independence of the various tenets that go to its making, and then examines the reasons for each. The first is a necessary but often neglected prelude to the second. For Marxists, like the advocates of other ideologies, try to smooth the way for the believer by assuring him that all the various components of their system hang together of necessity, and hence to possess good reasons for one tenet is to possess good reasons for all.

Professor Acton's contention is that Marxism is an unhappy amalgam of extreme positivism and extreme metaphysics: the rejection of morality

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

being an instance of the former, the belief in dialectic an example of the latter. No particular originality attaches, of course, to this as a general thesis, but it is here worked out with such clarity, fairness and finality as to make this a book of inestimable utility. In particular I should like to draw attention to Professor Acton's treatment of the obscure Marxist dicta about the union of theory and practice, and his analysis of the alleged distinction between the basis of society and its superstructure.

In some ways the first part of this book is the strangest: where Professor Acton deals with Marxist philosophical views. For is it not an extraordinary fact that a philosophical theory, based on an elementary fallacy, should enjoy the unquestioning confidence and support of millions with no interest in or knowledge of philosophy? Extraordinary, of course: but not for that reason fortuitous or inessential. For it is surely symptomatic of that mentality over which these dulling, monstrous orthodoxies hold their sway.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

Turning Points

The Decisive Battles of the Western World: Vols. I and II. By J. F. C. FULLER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode. 35s. each.*

Can the course of history really be changed in an afternoon? The older school of military historians believed that it could be and was: that human affairs had developed in a zig-zag, the corners of which were marked, like the turns on a slalom, by flags and battle-honours. The historical past, like the geological, was shaped not only by erosion and evolution but by catastrophe. What if Harold had not been killed at Hastings? What if Grouchy had carried out his orders at Waterloo? What if Stonewall Jackson had lived to lead the Southern cavalry at Gettysburg? To ask such questions, of course, now stamps one as hopelessly naive. The Whig and the Marxist historians taught us to think of the past as irresistible development towards a fore-ordained goal; Namierists look at us pityingly if we talk of "development" at all. Infected by snatches of conversation overheard from the philosophers, historians doubt whether the question "what if" is a valid one; and to abandon that question is to abandon the quality of "decisiveness" as applied to historical actions. Both postulate the dubious concepts of linear development and of choice.

But the old view, over-simple as it was, cannot be laughed out of court. No one who has lived through one, let alone two world wars, can reasonably deny that the pattern of civilisation has been partly shaped by military decisions, even though those decisions, in wars between industrialised and democratic societies, are no longer reached in an afternoon. Battles shape the future of societies; but they do so in the same way as examinations shape the future of individuals. Like them they are limited in time, more or less concentrated in form, and highly unpleasant for the participant. As in them, luck and local conditions play a considerable part, and presence of mind may avert disaster. But as a rule both battles and examinations only make decisions explicit which are implicit already: they test latent qualities of strength, technique and organisation. When two adversaries are evenly matched in these qualities the decision may lie with generalship, and military skill may win a battle against all odds. But such successes are rarely decisive. Steinkirk, Borodino, Bull Run, overwhelming victories as they were, did not turn the course of events in favour of the victors. The really decisive battles were those of Grant, of von Moltke, of Eisenhower: victories of weapons, organisation and ruthlessly applied preponderance of strength.

It is interesting to watch this conclusion emerging in the two volumes which Major-General Fuller has so far published of his trilogy. The plan of the work suggests adherence to the slalom, Creasey view of human development zig-zagging from battle to battle. The chapters describing decisive battles, from Meghiddo and Marathon to Leipzig and Waterloo, are linked by "chronicles" sketching the history of the intervening periods. But before discussing the shortcomings of this plan, let me say at once that this is a very impressive work indeed. General Fuller is already admitted by all but his most stubborn personal and political adversaries to be the most original and influential military thinker that this country has ever produced; now he must be reckoned as one of her major military historians. The acrimonious tone and curious political outlook which disfigured too much of his earlier work have disappeared: these volumes are mellow and masterly, well worthy to rank with Colin and Delbrück. The "chronicles" perhaps leave something to be desired: it takes someone of General Fuller's courage to write, *en passant*, a brief history of the world, and doms will have great fun picking holes in his generalisations; but the battle chapters, with their mastery of the sources, their smoothly flowing narrative, their succinctness of expression and their insight into the problems and the art of war—these are of an excellence which it would be impertinent to praise. Scores of partial and inadequate studies can now be swept away to make room for this inclusive and definitive book.

If there is serious criticism to be made, however, it is of the plan of the work and the conception of historical development which it implies; and with that plan and that conception General Fuller, in his second volume, seems increasingly ill at ease. The rigid contrast between chronicle and battle, recitative and aria, has changed by the end of the second volume to a Wagnerian continuity. For the more remote the battle, the more decisive seems the part it played. Salamis and Plataea made possible the rise of the Athenian empire, as did Pydna that of the Roman. Actium preserved Rome as a Western power, and Châlons preserved Europe from her Eastern invaders. Had these battles gone differently, one gathers, the fate of the world would have been changed. The battle-flags mark the sharpest possible corners. But the nearer we come to our own day the less sharp do these corners appear. Even had the Armada not been defeated, General Fuller admits, it is questionable whether Parma could have embarked with his army. The victorious alliance of the Counter-Reformation in Germany had disintegrated two years before Gustavus Adolphus smashed Tilly at Lützen. American independence sprang from deeper roots than the defeat of Burgoyne and Cornwallis; and it is unlikely that a Europe already allied and in arms could not have survived and reversed a French victory at Waterloo. All this makes one mistrust those sharp corners of antiquity: may they not be an illusion of historical perspective, which would, if seen through high-powered scholarly binoculars, flatten out as well?

Still, to say that it would all have been much the same "in the end" is to beg the question; for when *is* the end? In 1940 the Germans might have won the Battle of Britain and followed it up with a successful invasion. No doubt America and Russia would have been drawn into the war; no doubt they would have won it, and rehabilitated us, as they rehabilitated France, as a Great Power by courtesy. But the difference in details, inconsiderable as they may seem to the eye of the meta-historian, would none the less have been of some importance to us and to our children. Such minor details as these are certainly settled by battles; and so long as that is so, such works as this will remain part of the necessary studies not only of professional soldiers but of all intelligent men.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Herbert Marcuse's *Reason and Revolution: Hegel and the Rise of Social Theory* (Routledge, 25s.), first published in 1940, has been re-issued. It contains a supplementary chapter in the form of an epilogue in which the author analyses contemporary developments and changes in social and political theory.

One Man's View

No Flies in China. By G. S. GALE. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

New China fetishists will hate this book. So will stylists who dislike anacolutha, sentences that have to be read twice, and extraordinary passages like the following, which connoisseurs of bookmanship may like to study: "There is . . . all the difference between love and a hot night with a diseased whore . . . . I choose fastidiousness." It is a pity that Mr. Gale could not have spared another fortnight for putting in commas and semi-colons, because, in its way, this is a rather important book. The author followed the Labour Party's delegation to China in August, 1954, as correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* (he cannot be said to have accompanied it, since the delegation understandably spent most of its time escaping from the journalists or pretending not to see them), and him impressions were, from a Western point of view, intensely unfavourable. The other journalists of the party called him, he frankly informs us, "a dyspeptic Greek chorus, frustrated, and a silly little boy" and other things. He does seem to have been rather rude at times. Imagine a visiting Chinese journalist accorded an interview by the L.C.C. asking those of them who were not members of the Labour Party to put their hands up. No wonder the Chinese giggled sheepishly. I feel that he misinterprets the unwillingness of Chinese to gush about their country's defects to visiting foreigners; and his dismissal of the Chinese (with the notable exception of Chou En-lai) as "six hundred million puppets" with whom it is at the best a waste of time and at worst an insidious trap to have any social or cultural contacts, strikes me as an almost breath-taking example of Western conceit.

But with all these reservations and disagreements, I cannot suppress a cheer for an account of New China by someone who can think, argue and speculate, and is not content with mere attitudes, whether hostile or favourable. It is this which lifts his book above the general level of "I Saw New China" writing. His thesis that all modern regimes, East and West alike, are more or less totalitarian, and that it is the deliberate use of fear as an instrument of policy which makes a government damnable, wins my wholehearted accord. In this Age of Expediency it is agreeable to have an issue presented in terms of the broad philosophical principles involved rather than of somebody's Party Line. It still takes a Liberal to show us that it is better to be honest than to be right.

DAVID HAWKES

The Tender and the Tough

Lost Girls. By CAROLINE BROWN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Two or three years ago Mrs. Brown taught for some months in a remand home for girls. She was much moved by her experience and has written a fascinating if, perhaps inevitably, rather subjective book about it.

The problem of the remand home is a rather special one. It is the Cinderella of the reformatories. Whereas some, at any rate, of the approved schools and Borstal institutions in this country are, by any enlightened standards, first class (the open Borstal for girls at East Sutton Park is far more like a domestic training college than I would ever have believed until I visited it) the remand home, being a clearing station for cases before they come to court, tends to be under-staffed, badly housed, and poorly equipped. Yet, because of overcrowding in approved schools, and various delays, a lot of children may have to spend months in remand homes where there are no facilities for segregating the tender from the tough, the virgin from

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the young prostitute. These comprise Mrs. Brown's chief complaints, and in the case of "Flowerday" she substantiates them. For the staff she has nothing but praise. Underpaid, like all welfare workers (Mrs. Brown had 30s. deducted from her routine teacher's salary simply because she was teaching in a remand home; she was actually teaching the girls in the V.D. clinic most of the time) they really do seem to have been actuated by the utmost benevolence. This applies equally to the veteran Mrs. Burke, who ascribed delinquency to "moral weakness," as to Miss Money the headmistress: "emotional confusion is more responsible than any other factor."

Mrs. Brown shapes her book, with an expertise such as you might expect to find in a professional lady novelist, around the figure of Angela, an exceptionally pretty girl who comes to the home twice: the first time as a runaway wanderer, the second as a G.I.'s ex-girl, with V.D. Mrs. Brown's third encounter with her, in Piccadilly, forms the prologue: Angela is dressed up to the nines, not in the least forlorn and obviously "making a great success of the career she had first heard about at Flowerday." Mrs. Brown is much too sympathetic not to be deeply touched by the plight of her pupils; her only defect is that, though she gives you vivid flashes of girls and staff, she now and then gets a tiny bit hysterical, concentrating more on communicating her own emotional state than on reporting. A few statistics would have made a useful appendix, but her attitude towards figures is rather featherheaded. So much of her book is so interesting that one wants to know more, to be properly oriented. One's own ignorance of these matters is deplorable; for instance, precisely how much better are conditions today than they were at the time, towards the end of the last century, of W. T. Stead's famous "Maiden Tribute" agitation? The fact is that the moment you begin to scratch the surface of penology, a scientific, historical approach becomes essential, unless you are going to miss wood for trees. No subject has been so sensationalised and obfuscated as crime, and juvenile delinquency in particular; the utmost clarity and precision is needed when writing about it.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

'We never smoke during battle' he said angrily

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COLLINS

From An Oriel Window

Studies in Elizabethan Drama. By PERCY SIMPSON. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Dr. Simpson's first recorded critical essay was on Tennyson's *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*; it appeared within a couple of years of the poem it examined, and might have been read by Matthew Arnold (an earlier, as Dr. Simpson was to be a later, glory of the Oriel common room) during the last weeks of his life. In the same year, 1888, Dr. Simpson began to annotate the plays of Ben Jonson; and in 1925, along with the late C. H. Herford, he published the first volumes of an edition of the dramatist which he and Mrs. Simpson were to complete more than a quarter of a century later.

These are pleasing facts, worthy of record in the shortest notice. Now, by way of celebrating his ninetieth year, Dr. Simpson has brought together six papers first printed between 1932 and 1947. They range from a formidably erudite study of the official control of Tudor and Stuart printing to some highly entertaining glimpses of, and speculations upon, headless bears. But this volume is more than a garnering, since Dr. Simpson has added two essays here printed for the first time. One, upon Shakespeare's versification, is singled out in the preface as being "not intended for specialists, but for the general reader." It is certainly not lacking in an appropriate simplicity. "The lyrical note"—Dr. Simpson pronounces in what to many will be a well-loved voice—"sounds through Shakespeare's early comedies."

The other new paper, entitled "Shakespeare's Use of Latin Authors," is a different matter. Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare* has long been regarded as far from the last word on its subject; and Dr. Simpson declares roundly that "sound criticism" began with Malone. But even recent scholars, fully conversant with the curricula of Elizabethan grammar schools, have neither made the bold claims, nor produced the impressive evidence, for Shakespeare's being free of much Latin literature, with which Dr. Simpson here confronts us. His conclusions will not properly be assessed except upon mature and learned consideration. But it is at once apparent that here is another remarkable achievement in the long career of a great scholar and a great humanist.

J. I. M. STEWART

Shorter Reviews

Three Howard Sisters. Selections from the writings of Lady Caroline Lascelles, Lady Dover and Countess Gower, 1825 to 1833. Edited by the late MAUD, LADY LECONFIELD and revised by JOHN GORE. *Murray.* 21*s.*

The Howard sisters were well connected and well behaved. They married the right sort of minor Whig aristocracy; they mixed with the fringes of political and literary society; they bred multitudes of children, and wrote to each other with admirable constancy. Their lives were poised between the glitter of Regency *salons* and the virtues of the Victorian home. The incidental information provided by their chit-chat is not without interest; as people, however, they seem a little dull.

They might have been less dull if they had been less content. Their breeding preserved them from suffering, and even the *malheur du siècle* touched them lightly. True, at the Comédie, "*les sanglots* prevented all hearing," and "as for little Moore, he is almost too much for one's capacities of feeling." But there was nothing in their own lives to jar the decorum of a drawing room. They married, indeed, for love; but the original spurt of emotion is, in these letters, deeply embedded in tranquillity.

The correspondence records their dutiful wifeliness; it is full of confinements, babies, weanings, governesses (though Harriet once burst out "were it not for manners, how well could one manage without a governess!"). It also records, amid talk of foulards and furbelows, some gossip of their husbands' political activities, and of London parties for "all the Dips." The world is always viewed from the grand snugness of Whiggery: and so it seems an entertaining novelty if an "odd little dissenting editor" dines at Holland House, and a disaster when Uncle D's (Duke of Devonshire's) shower bath falls on his head. Only occasionally harsher realities appear: "driving down Bond Street, we ran over a child," or, despite her faith in Reform, "what masters, these!" exclaims Harriet at the sight of the Birmingham proletariat. The sisters are half Jane Austen, half Trollope; and, in snatches, they are very much ourselves.

The Inter-War Years and Other Papers. A selection from the writings of HUBERT DOUGLAS HENDERSON. Edited by HENRY CLAY. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

This selection of articles, lectures and memoranda is an effective memorial to Sir Hubert Henderson. In all the well-chosen material the same quietly sceptical and highly intelligent mind can be detected, whether the author is challenging ideological Cobdenites in the *Nation* in 1930 or querying the presuppositions of the Havana Charter in 1945.

The papers will be of most value to the historian of the inter-War years, and this is exactly the sort of long-term utility which Henderson would have wished them to possess. It was to economic history rather than to mathematical model-making that he preferred to direct his talents. Perhaps his strongest analytical power was employed to unravel the implications for national policy of Britain's peculiar place in an international economy. On domestic issues he was less lively and at the same time more open to criticism. In attacking "temporary fashions" in both the terminology and proceedings of his colleagues, he sometimes failed to do justice to the permanent features in the recent revolution in social and economic policy. Taken as a whole, the papers give an impression of the man as well as of the times. Few economists were more prepared to listen to different points of view yet to hit hard on both sides when the occasion demanded. The more controversial papers, admirably free from economic jargon, will survive long after many contemporary "learned articles" have been completely forgotten.

Handbook of English Costume in the Seventeenth Century. By C. WILLETT CUNNINGTON and PHILLIS CUNNINGTON. *Faber.* 26*s.*

The Cunningtons are getting near the end of their vast survey of the whole subject of English costume. Others have made frivolous or scholarly forays into the same territory, dwelling on this feature or that period, but surely no one else has plodded so methodically backwards and forwards over the whole length and breadth of the country, theodolite in hand, collecting scrupulous data and putting it into handy order for posterity. It is now twenty years since Dr. Cunnington, then a general medical practitioner in Finchley, published his first book on costume; eighteen years since his monumental *Englishwomen's Clothing in the Nineteenth Century* set a standard which no one else has dreamed of attempting since. He has now surveyed all the centuries save one; the nineteenth and twentieth centuries (the latter as far as was feasible) have been exhaustively dealt with on the feminine side only; the middle ages, the sixteenth and now the seventeenth century have been surveyed for the costume of both sexes, in concise handbooks admirable in their clarity and economy. There remains now only to chart the eighteenth century, and then the Cunningtons will deserve to rest on their laurels, serene in the satisfaction of an immense and useful work beautifully done.

The new volume maintains the same high standard

as its predecessors. It is a textbook and looks like one, not shrinking from appearing rather dry, while concealing layers of highly interesting facts. This period was one of great splendour and beauty, for both sexes. It is the age of ribbon and satin, of lace collars and spiral curls on the shoulders, the great age of the wig (extraordinary innovation! have the psychologists ever accounted for it?) and the patch-box, the age both of the Puritan and of Restoration comedy. This is an expensive book for its size, presumably on account of its wealth of illustration, and so is destined chiefly for the reference library, where it will prove invaluable.

Portrait of a Spy. By RÉMY. *Barker.* 15*s.*

The Breton bank clerk who escaped from France after the disaster of 1940 and later returned to organise a Resistance network under the name of the Confrérie de Notre Dame, has recounted his adventures in two notable books, *The Silent Company* and *Courage and Fear*. The story is continued in this new book, and the spy—or rather, the counter-spy—in whom it is centred was a Belgian named Georges Delfanne, alias Masuy. As unsavoury a specimen as ever graced the pages of a Simenon thriller, Masuy worked for the *Abwehr* (German Military Intelligence) in Paris in helping to run to earth French patriots engaged in secret work for De Gaulle. Betraying by his brutality and cunning numerous patriots to his German masters, he was in 1947 executed by a French firing squad, after a trial in which he attained some glamour and notoriety as a daring adventurer.

Masuy is not quite the stuff of which villain-heroes are made. We never for a moment feel anything but loathing for him. A certain impudent bravado in his rise to affluence in the world where, until the outbreak of war, he had been a shabby failure scarcely earns him our grudging admiration. The brave, decent, too often foolhardy men of the Resistance who were the heroes of the earlier books are here only background figures. There is plenty of excitement, plenty of suspense, but the brutalities of the principal character are sickeningly monotonous. Admirers of the earlier books will no doubt wish to follow out the story as it is reconstructed with such painstaking care and detail; but newcomers to Rémy are strongly advised to begin with *The Silent Company*.

Feeding the Fifty Million. Report of the Rural Reconstruction Association. *Hollis & Carter.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"The degree to which the nation reduces its dependence on imported foodstuffs is determined primarily by the degree to which it is prepared to adapt its economy to that end. Any substantial increase in agricultural production will be the result of a change in national policy. Without a change in national policy, no change merely in agricultural policy will, in the long run, make any substantial difference to the volume of agricultural production." The outlook of this Report is clearly stated by that quotation. In general, the Research Committee of the Rural Reconstruction Association advocates a more co-ordinated and logical development of present-day farming methods. They show that land is unused, or inadequately used, on which cattle could be raised or which could even be ploughed. They show that widely different yields are got by farmers on similar land. They argue that if all land were used, and all farmers were competent, productivity could be raised 40 per cent. and that this would make Britain independent of imported food except for "exotics." It is interesting to find margarine classed as an exotic.

The committee did not agree on all points; it was, for example, divided on the merits of farming with the help of fertilisers bought in a sack, and those produced with the blessing of the "muck and magic" school. This schism probably explains the small importance attached to research and to those changes in our eating habits which would make self-sufficiency easier to attain. But statements by committees always have to avoid more issues than they tackle because of the impossibility of getting wide agreement. This is not a book that will shock conventional and intellectually middle-

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aged people. Its authors do not seem to be tainted with the generalised reforming zeal that is often held to mar some agricultural propaganda. It is therefore all the more pleasant to find, running through the book, a conviction that something not only could be but should be done. If we got this much reform of agriculture it would be a good beginning.

English Historical Documents. Volume Ie. 500-1042. Edited by DOROTHY WHITELOCK. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 80*s.*

This monumental series is designed to make the sources of English history available to the general reader. Here, therefore, he may find 750 pages of selected documents, preceded by 100 pages of introduction, and accompanied by select bibliographies and learned notes upon the text. He can read it all in English (albeit of a somewhat fustian variety), and, though his hand may wilt at the weight of the volume, his eye will be soothed by the appearance of the page.

And what will he make of it? Miss Whitelock explains how the materials from which she has made this selection can be welded into a synthetic account of English history before the Conquest; but the general reader is likely to feel baffled by this chaos of oddments. To help him, indeed, the scraps are divided into three heaps. First he has the bulk of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and extracts from other annals. Next, selections from laws and charters present even more intractable material; but the facetious may entertain themselves by discovering what penalties the Law of Alfred laid upon anyone who "in lewd fashion seized a nun either by her clothes or her breast without her leave." The third section, of ecclesiastical sources, contains a large part of Bede's *History*, and has rather more human interest, though the saints' lives are too full of what Miss Whitelock calls "dreary miracles," and the sententiousness of the Bishops' letters begins to pall after the first few hundred pages. But this is the real stuff of history, and the general reader (if he is not too frightened, too bored or too poor) should welcome it. At least he need not fear that a close study of the documents is necessarily disillusioning: Miss Whitelock still believes that Alfred burnt the cakes.

Six Ventures in Villainy. By JACK SMITH-HUGHES. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

Mr. Smith-Hughes adopts a lighthearted attitude to crime as his jaunty title suggests. He has resurrected six cases from the time of George III, representative of what he calls "three types of skulduggery," and discusses them in great, and often tedious, detail, but with a humorous commentary, as if anything which happened so long ago must inevitably be a huge joke. There are plenty of old criminal trials which are worth reviewing in the light of modern knowledge, when a miscarriage of justice may be detected. But Mr. Smith-Hughes seems to have picked his cases at random for their sensational value rather than any more serious purpose; he revives old scandals but reverses no verdicts.

Richard Patch's trial for murder in 1805 ended with his conviction, once his alibi was destroyed. He claimed he had been sitting in the lavatory when his partner in business was shot, but an expert in these matters was able to discredit him. The court-martial of Major Johnston for imprisoning the Governor of New South Wales in 1808 is barely memorable because the ill-used Governor was Bligh of the Bounty; otherwise Mr. Smith-Hughes would hardly have bothered with such a confused Colonial squabble. The trials of Lord Kingston for murdering the seducer of his daughter and of Lord Baltimore for seducing a milliner are included presumably because sex and the aristocracy were involved. Both peers were acquitted and the evidence was hardly salacious enough to deserve recapitulation. Andrew Bowes's conspiracy to abduct his wife in 1787 in order to forestall her divorce suit against him for adultery provides the best entertainment in the book. With the aid of a bribed policeman, Bowes seized his wife in broad daylight in Oxford Street and carried her off by coach to a castle in Durham, for which he was fined £300 and imprisoned for three years. The famous trial of Lord Cochrane for a fraud on the Stock Exchange in 1814 completes the tally. One wonders why Mr. Smith-Hughes troubles to rehearse the well-known facts of this case, when he agrees with the verdict of guilty. Yet here was an opening for an original hypothesis. The crucial evidence that convicted Cochrane was his own testimony about the colour of a man's coat. Cochrane swore it was green, while everyone else swore it was red. What if Cochrane was colour-blind?

TWO RECENT ISSUES OF ESPECIAL INTEREST

RAVEL
L'Enfant et Les Sortilèges
Flore Wend, Suzanne Danco,
Marie-Lise de Montmollin Geneviève Touraine,
Adrienne Migliette, Juliette Bise, Gisèle Bobillier,
Lucien Lovano, Pierre Mollet, Hugues Cuenod
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande
The Motet Choir of Geneva
conducted by Ernest Ansermet LXT 5019

DEBUSSY
Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien
Suzanne Danco, Nancy Waugh,
Marie-Lise de Montmollin
Union Chorale de la Tour-de-Peilz
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande
conducted by Ernest Ansermet LXT 5024

DECCA
THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LIMITED, 1-3 BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

Week-end Competition

No. 1,312

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for the first paragraph of Branwell Brontë's undiscovered novel, *Keeper's Pledge, or A Hair of the Dog that Bit Her.* It will be recalled that Mr. Brontë was for a time employed as a clerk on the Leeds and Manchester railway. Limit, 150 words. Entries by April 26.

Result of No. 1,309

Set by Buzfuz

Competitors are invited to submit an extract from a Party Political Broadcast by a member of a British Poujadiste (pro-Tax-Evasion) Party. Limit 150 words.

Report

"If you get a further demand find out the private address of the person who sent it, and ring him up or call on him at an hour convenient for you, but possibly inconvenient for him, say two in the morning, and demand a showdown. . . . To be afraid of scenes is to play into the hands of the bureaucrats." Jack Crown's tax evasion recipe was typical of the fabrile earnestness with which competitors handled this theme. Most of the broadcast excerpts breathed an air of guerilla tactics, refreshingly unlike anything put out by a British political party. "Spoil your tax return form when you fill it in by adding any figures that enter your head . . . 12,000,000 will be such a spanner in their works as to put the whole system out of gear"; thus R. B. Browning. Only R. F. Mountjoy with his promise to "restore that *laissez faire* which Adam Smith preached and which made our country great" and his pledge to "respect the sanctity of commercial correspondence" brought a high-minded nineteenth-century deliberation to the subject. Vera Telfer provided a nice whiff of Proudhonist grapeshot:

> If you are buying any large articles on which the tax is plainly marked, take them away with you in a car or taxi, having given a cheque for the gross amount, subsequently stopping the cheque, after which you must, in all honesty, substitute another for the next cost. Where the tax is not exactly known, as on cigarettes, clothes, etc., our policy is to take the articles, offer the approximate value and make a quick getaway . .

A guinea to each of the entries printed below. Half a guinea each to Vera Telfer and Jack Crown.

. . . called us a Nation of Shopkeepers. Well, so we are—and we are not ashamed of it. But must we also be a Nation of Taxpayers? Why should we cower beneath a tyranny imposed by a bureaucracy of our own election, muttering fatalistically, in the words of an Elder Statesman, that a man may escape everything but Death and Taxes? Friends, as you listen to me at this moment over your taxed radio set, whether in the privacy of your taxed home, with your taxed dog at your feet on the taxed carpet: or in the inn, drinking your taxed beer and smoking your taxed cigarette: or driving in your taxed car, burning taxed petrol—do you not yearn to cast off these galling shackles? Are we worthy of the name of Britons while we remain slaves to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue? No. We must be tax-free or die, who . . .

"HILARY"

Let me give an example of the good work done by our party. You probably know that if a man makes a gift, death duty is payable on what is given, valued at the date of his death, unless he lives for five years after the gift. Now the prudent donor who comes to us is advised to invest his proposed gift in purchasing bonds that are due for early redemption. He then gives away his investment, and once it has been redeemed, he need not trouble himself to survive further. Since the bonds that were given do not exist at his death, they cannot be valued, and so no duty is payable. We have another scheme every bit as good as this, which involves income tax and does not necessitate an early demise. This will be divulged at the next election to all active helpers of the party.

LESLIE JOHNSON

What is our policy? Expense Accounts for All. The typist's lunch at Lyons would be tax-free, like the business man's at the Savoy. The cashier's Season Ticket from Surbiton would qualify for a rebate, like the car that picks up the Managing Director at Dorking. When the housewife buys a washing-machine, let it qualify for the Investment Allowance, just like new equipment in a factory. Secondly, we don't see why people should pay for what they don't want. Refunds would be made on application to any taxpayer who wanted to opt out of the following Government expenditures: nuclear weapons, Debt interest, tax collectors' salaries. Finally we shall set up a National Tax Advice Service, staffed by qualified accountants. The Service will be free to anyone with an income of £2,000 a year or over. To save money, it will operate from our Party headquarters, Evasion House (telephone no. DEFault 1212).

WILLIAM NEWTON

Perhaps the most sinister development in the modern political scene has been the emergence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as what someone has wittily called "the landlord of No. 10." We propose to remedy this by appointing a Chancellor who *does not sit in either House*. It may surprise you to learn that there is no constitutional reason against this. We shall advertise the appointment in *The Times*, and the successful applicant will occupy a similar position to that of a cricket pro. at a Public school. That is to say, his experience will be valued, his services appreciated and his advice, when asked for, treated with respect; but he will quickly be reminded (if he is ever in danger of forgetting) that he is not the headmaster. We believe that in politics, as in cricket, it is the game that matters, not the gate.

J. P. STEVENSON

It is not a question of objecting to taxes as such—taxes *can* be used for very praiseworthy objects. But there must NOT be in this free country of ours any question of COMPULSION. As a reasonable, patriotic Briton I acknowledge no master—I bow my head, and how gladly, only to Her Beloved Majesty. Suggest to me, if you like, the various things for which money is required to keep this old country of ours on an even keel, suggest *sensible* improvements. Even suggest what my contribution might amount to BUT DON'T FORCE ME. Approach me reasonably and politely and you *may get more than you thought*. WE are the country—not the government—WE say what we are prepared to spend and only OUR hands shall dip into OUR pockets and WE choose.

L. G. UDALL

The Chess Board

No. 289 A Game of Chance

To have an encyclopaedic knowledge of modern opening theory, combinative genius, grandmasterly endgame technique and positional judgment, may be useful in winning a game of chess, but a bit of luck is quite helpful too. By calling it the fortune proverbially assumed to favour the brave and by substituting for bravery some more windy term such as intuition we should come very near to what actually happened in this position (Reshevsky-Seidmann, New York, 1951). It is a combination a dozen moves deep, yet Sammy honestly admits that, when he made the plunge he couldn't see much further than the fifth move. The rest, evidently, was intuition or fortune or bravery or luck (and certainly some very good chess). (1) Kt-Kt6 ch, Kt x Kt. (2) R x P ch, K x R. (3) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt1. (4) P x Kt, R-B2—that far the combination is as obvious as the fact that neither Q-R7 ch nor P x R ch would cut much ice. But then (5) P-K5!! was the point of the whole thing. Reshevsky *had* seen that P x P was ruled out by (6) B-R2, B-K3. (7) Q-R7 ch, K-B1. (8) P x R, Q x P. (9) B x B, Q x B. (10) R-B1 ch, etc., and he had also seen that P-B4 could be refuted by (6) P-K6, B x P. (7) B-R2, R-B3. (8) Q-R7 ch, followed by Q-R8 and Q x P ch. But Seidmann played (5) . . . B-K3, and from now on, even though on uncharted seas, the combination chugged on under its own steam (as seems to be the way of many a good combination). (6) Q-R7 ch, K-B1. (7) Q-R8 ch, K-K2. (8) P x P ch. Now if the K takes the P he is mated by Q-R4; R x P is ruled out by Q x P ch, etc., and P x P is defeated by (9) Q-R3! Hence (8) . . . K-Q2. (9) Q x Q ch, R x Q. (10) P x R, B x P. (11) B-B5 ch and Black resigned because he must lose at least his B. Even prettier would have been (9) . . . K x Q. (10) R x B ch, K-Q2. (11) P x R, K x R. (12) B-B5 ch, K x B. (13) P x P.

Diagr. 2 shows another game of chance, and a pretty one too. Playing a "5 minutes skittles" against Petrosjan (one of the best lightning players of the Soviet Chess Olympians) young Lothar Schmid had sacrificed a piece for the hallucination of an attack; but luckily, when he threatened mate by R-QR3 his grandmasterly opponent, overlooking the only adequate defence of Kt-Q2 played (1) . . . K-Kt3, and now the real fireworks started. White kept his Q dangling by Q-Q6 ch!! for obviously she is taboo on account of R(7)-QR7. Hence (2) . . . R-B3. (3) Q-B5 ch!! R x Q. (4) Kt P x R ch, K-B3. (5) R(3)-R6 ch and mates next move.

A: Thibaut 1953

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White had just blundered by Q-K2. How was he knocked out by one fell blow? B—a draw—is a classic and C—a win—is quite a beauty. They rate 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively. Usual prizes.

Entries by April 25.

B: Troitzky 1900

C: E. N. Somoff 1927

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 286. Set March 26

A: (1) B-B4 ch, P-Q4. (2) Kt x P, P x Kt. (3) B x P ch, K-R1. (4) B-K4 etc., if (2) . . . K-R1. (3) B-Q3.

B: (1) Q x Kt! ch, R x Q. (2) P x R, P-R7. (3) P-Kt6, K-R6. (4) P-Kt7, P-R5. (5) P . . . B! etc.

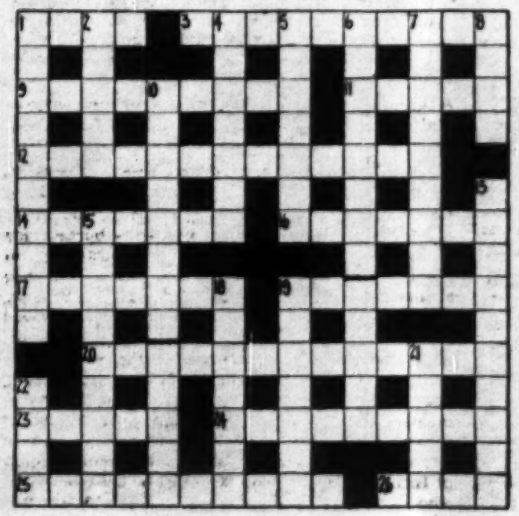
C: (1) P-Kt7, P-Kt5 ch. (2) K-Kt3, B-K6! (3) B-B2!, R-Q5! (4) B-K3, B-B4. (5) B-Q4, B-Kt3. (6) B-B5, B-R2. (7) B-K16, B-Kt1 ch. (8) K-B2, B-Kt6 ch. (9) K-B1! etc.

Many competitors failed to see all the subtleties of C. Prizes shared by: E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, C. G. Hilton, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg. While I am abroad (for several weeks) entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office by Monday second mail at the latest.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 148

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 148, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on April 26.



ACROSS

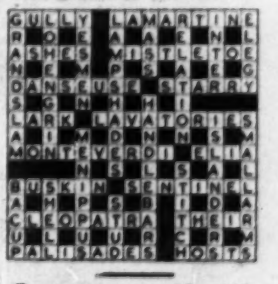
1. A place for filth and iniquity mainly (4).
3. Among the newly-weds love advertisements make powerful attacks (10).
9. Preserve mother and son both in the sea (9).
11. Publisher to lose in 1984 (5).
12. Start with hard work to make a dance expert (13).
14. The kind of coal for a liberal to set fire to (7).
16. Furious if the grandee is in disguise (7).
17. He is a mean person to pull a trap back (7).
19. Initially wealthy German writer (7).
20. They may be ridden without danger to the pedestrian and make her crossing O.K. (13).
23. There is a great deal to this game (5).
24. Restaurant with a bend in front of the lake? (9).
25. Manuscripts with merchant appearing obscurely in a footnote (10).
26. Enclosures for swans (4).

DOWN

1. Marks are convertible into some fifty coins (10).
2. With us he is ill at ease (5).
4. Back at the beginning to discuss it again (7).
5. In time a girl discovers the result of an evening out (7).
6. This group of stars makes America upset about nothing and the Navy angry too (8, 5).
7. Worthing might be made absolutely penniless (9).
8. Firmness of character for an author (4).
10. Material for Billy Graham and his like? (8, 5).
13. A good player turns up about to put on clothes for the correspondents (10).
15. The joker may be seen in wig and garter (9).
18. With his tail up the winger starts to play clever football (7).
19. When there is rising annoyance with the New Testament, this is the resultant ruling (7).
21. Russian fabric (5).
22. A mistake in the records? (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 146



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 146

S. Weber (Sheffield, 10), L. B. Partridge (Oxford), E. V. Overell (London, W.2).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIA. University of Adelaide. Waite Agricultural Research Institute. The Directorship of the Institute, which is an integral part of the University, and the Waite Chair of Agricultural Chemistry will become vacant at the end of 1955 on the retirement of Professor J. A. Prescott, F.R.S., and the post of Head of the Department of Plant Physiology in the Institute is vacant at present following the appointment of Dr. F. L. Milthorpe to a Chair elsewhere. The Directorship and the Waite Chair are at present held jointly by Professor Prescott. The University, however, invites separate applications for all three posts, or joint application for the Directorship and either of the other two. Whether separate appointments will be made to all three or whether the Directorship will be combined with the Chair, will incorporate the appointment in Plant Physiology, or will be combined with the headship of any other department in the Institute will be determined when the applications have been received, and may be the basis of consultation between the prospective Director and the University. Salaries: A salary of £A2,500 will be attached to the Chair. The Directorship, whether combined with a Chair or not, will carry with it the basic professorial salary of £A2,500 and a substantial special allowance to be determined by the Council. The present Director lives in rent-free accommodation within the Institute grounds. If a separate appointment in Plant Physiology is made it will be at Readership (salary scale, £A1,800—50—£A2,000) or Senior Lectureship (salary scale, £A1,500—50—£A1,750) level. General: If a Director without departmental responsibility is appointed, he will be given laboratory and other facilities to pursue his own personal research interests, his primary responsibilities to the University Council being concerned with the co-ordination, integration and encouragement of the work of the Institute as a whole, with administration and with public relations. The Professor of Agricultural Chemistry will be Head of the Department of Agricultural Chemistry in the Institute and will be responsible to the Council of the University for the teaching and research in Agricultural Chemistry and in Soil Science and for the organisation of courses in those subjects. The Reader or Senior Lecturer in Plant Physiology will be Head of the Department of Plant Physiology in the Institute and will be responsible to the University Council for the research and teaching in the Department (which is a small one with very light teaching duties). Potential candidates are invited to obtain from the undersigned or from the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, a copy of the formal terms of appointment for the Chair in Agricultural Chemistry or the Readership or Senior Lectureship in Plant Physiology and a brief statement about the departments. No formal terms for the Directorship have been prepared; they will be determined with the prospective Director. In general, however, they will be similar to those for the Chair. Potential candidates in Great Britain may also borrow from the Secretary of the A.U.B.C. a coloured film illustrating the University, including the Waite Institute, and the city and surroundings of Adelaide. Superannuation: On F.S.S.U. basis. Study Leave: The University has a Study Leave fund. In general, Study Leave is granted on full salary with an additional amount for approved travelling expenses; see detailed terms. Applications, in duplicate, giving particulars of age, academic qualifications, experience, and war service (if any) and accompanied by a recent photograph, a medical certificate of health, a list of publications, copies of testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees of whom confidential inquiries may be made, should reach the undersigned not later than June 30, 1955. V. A. Edgeloe, Registrar.

THE University of Leeds. Chair of Modern History. The Council will shortly proceed to an appointment to the Chair of Modern History in the Department of History which will become vacant on September 30, 1955, on the resignation of Professor Norman Gash. The salary will be not less than £2,100 a year and the appointment will take effect from a date to be arranged with the successful candidate. Applications (15 copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than May 21, 1955; candidates overseas may apply in the first instance by cable, naming three referees in the United Kingdom.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Psychology, with special reference to Social Psychology. The appointment will date from October 1, 1955. Initial salary on the scale £650 × £50 to £1,350 per annum according to qualifications and experience. F.S.S.U. benefits and family allowances. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by April 30, 1955.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FOREIGN Service: Principal Instructor at the Middle East Centre for Arab Studies. Applications are invited for this post at Shemlan, Lebanon. The Centre, which is under the aegis of H.M. Foreign Office, trains members of the United Kingdom and Commonwealth Foreign Services and commercial organisations for service in the Arab countries of the Middle East. Applicants must have at least a second-class honours degree, preferably in Oriental Studies or History, and a good knowledge of modern Arabic and of Arab countries. Experience of teaching adults is desirable. Salary (subject to U.K. income tax) is on the scale £695 to £855 (men) and £665 to £750 (women) and a foreign allowance (non-taxable) (which varies according to the cost of living in the Lebanon) is also payable. The allowance is higher for a married instructor, and takes account of dependent children up to the age of 18 years. Free furnished accommodation is provided. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Personnel Department, Foreign Office, 8 Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1. Closing date for receipt of application forms April 30, 1955.

GOVERNMENT of the Union of South Africa. Department of the Interior. 1. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment under contract for three years, renewable for a further period, to the Public Service of the Union of South Africa for the posts of: 2. Assistant Professional Officer: Salary scale: £450 × 30—540 × 48—780 (temporary minimum £480 per annum). In addition to the above married persons will be paid a Cost of Living Allowance of £234 per annum. 3. Minimum qualification required: Applicants must be under 30 and must have a University degree or diploma equivalent to a South African University degree with advanced courses in mathematics, economy and accounting. Candidates with Masters' Degree will start on £510 per annum notch and candidates with Masters' Degree plus doctorate will start at the £540 per annum notch. Previous experience will be considered in fixing commencing salary. 4. Successful applicants will be employed on general duties relating to Statistics, finance, accounting, industrial economy, political economy, traffic, etc. 5. Conditions of Employment will in the first place be governed by the terms of the Contract and the Public Service Regulations. Successful applicants will be required to acquire within a reasonable time a knowledge of the Afrikaans language. 6. Transport Expenses from place of residence to place of employment (3rd class rail in United Kingdom, tourist, cabin or cheapest first-class boat to South Africa, whichever is available, and 1st class rail in South Africa) including excess baggage to a maximum of 150lb. per adult and 75lb. per child, and similar return passage on satisfactory completion of Contract, will be paid by the Union Government. 7. Applications in writing giving full details of qualifications and previous experience should be addressed to Room 102, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, not later than May 7, 1955.

OXFORD University Tutorial Classes Committee invite applications for a Tutor to develop education for trade unionists. The duties include some teaching, preparation of material and advising on courses for trade unionists. Candidates must have experience of adult education and a good University Honours Degree. Salary in range £700-£1,050. Particulars and application form from Tutorial Classes Committee, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford. Closing date: May 7.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Art in General Education. Salary according to Pelham Scale. Candidates should be highly qualified in the Visual Arts (if women, in weaving and needlework), and should have had teaching experience in secondary schools. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Principal, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

NEWBATTLE Abbey College. Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the above College, which is the only residential Adult Education College in Scotland, and is situated at Eskbank, 7 miles from Edinburgh. An important part of the duties of the Warden will be to develop long-term courses and organise throughout the year regular short-term courses; and to make the work of the College more widely known by personal contact. He should also be prepared to take some part in teaching. It is essential that applicants should have some experience of adult education work. The salary for the post is £1,250 and there is a pensions scheme. Free residential quarters are provided within the College. The successful candidate would be expected to take up duty as early as possible but not later than October 1, 1955. The appointment in the first instance is for a period of three years. Conditions of appointment and forms of application may be obtained from Mr. T. M. Jinkins, W.S., 20 Castle St., Edinburgh, Clerk to the Governors.

WANTED immediately, two business men experienced in Export business and Machine industry. German essential, Spanish advantage. Box 6118.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1955, but forms should be returned as soon as possible as an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Applications from meteorologists must be received by May 31, 1955. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1955; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1955. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1955 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): —Experimental Officer £750—£920 (men); £650—£790 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £302 (at age 18) to £670 (men), £570 (women). Starting pay up to £545 (men) or £512 (women) at 26. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/55.

METEOROLOGICAL Office, Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. Applications will be accepted up to May 31, but early application is advised. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O.10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1955 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class) with a First- or Second-Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics. Salaries £492-£885 (London rates for men; somewhat lower for women and in the provinces). Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,010-£1,185), and higher posts. Application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S52/55. (Met.)

ORGANISATION and Methods. British European Airways require a Senior Methods Officer to study and develop office methods, accounting procedures and paper work systems throughout B.E.A. This is a new and progressive appointment offering wide scope for ability. Applicants should have a University Degree or an appropriate professional qualification, and the capacity to deal with people at all levels. Knowledge of office machines, including punched card equipment, and good experience of methods study techniques essential. Starting salary within the range £1,075-£1,375 per annum. Pension scheme. Air travel concessions. Details of qualifications and experience to Chief Personnel Officer, B.E.A., Keyline House, Ruislip, Middlesex, quoting reference A.15.

THE London County Council invites applications from holders of the Certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised School of Sociology who have practical experience in social work for appointment as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at the Islington Chest Clinic, St. Mary Islington Hospital, Highgate Hill, N.19. Salary scale £510 (at 24 years of age or with three years' approved experience) to £637 10s. Duties include medico-social and secretarial work arising from activities of the Local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Further particulars and application form obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer, Division 3, 53 Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1, returnable by April 28. (430).

FAMILY Service Units has vacancies for social caseworkers. Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Training provided. Units at present operating in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Bradford, York, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol and London. Further details from 25, St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1955, but early application is advised as an earlier closing date may be announced. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist for candidates who have specialised in palaeobotany, foraminifera, malacology and lichenology. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates taking their degrees in 1955 may apply before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1955 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,010-£1,185; (women) £875-£1,060. Scientific Officers, (men) £492-£885; (women) £492-£780. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/55 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/55 for Scientific Officers. Royal Mint has a vacancy to be filled as Scientific Officer or Senior Scientific Officer according to qualifications and experience. Candidates must have first- or second-class honours degree in Metallurgy, or in Physics and Chemistry if with metallurgical experience. The general qualifications and conditions are as set out in the main advertisement above. Candidates for this post should quote S.4424/53/55 and the closing date for applns. is April 30, 1955.

B.B.C. requires Television Drama Organiser to be responsible to Head of Television Drama for business and programme administrative matters connected with department's output. Duties include contact with Producers on everyday finance and production facility problems, supervision of financial cost of individual programmes, co-ordinating film sequence, studio rehearsal, transmission, design and wardrobe requirements. Qualifications experience of administration and knowledge of legitimate theatre, aptitude for detail and for sympathetic handling of staff, ability to interpret and implement regulations and policy directives. Salary £1,035 rising by 5 annual increments to £1,465 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 815 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1., within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires temporary, full and part-time Holiday Relief Programme Assistants in Swedish, Finnish, Norwegian and Danish Sections. Candidates must have wide general knowledge and interest in current affairs, thorough knowledge of language offered (as mother tongue) and of English, ability to translate from English into that language, to read fluently at microphone, to write original material and to type. Experience in journalism an advantage. Salary at rate of £645 p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 818, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Producer of talks and discussions of interest to women, under direction of Editor, Woman's Hour (Sound broadcasting). Essential qualifications: a lively mind (preferably University trained), keen interest in human nature and in present-day social problems; capacity to work accurately and independently under pressure. Preference to candidates whose previous work has brought them into touch with a variety of people. Salary £870 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "733 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

PSYCHOLOGIST: McCann-Erickson Advertising Limited, in the process of further expanding their Research Department, have a vacancy for another psychologist (man or woman). Applicants should possess at least a good 2nd class Honours degree in psychology, and have had some experience of post-graduate research or other work in the social and/or clinical fields. The successful candidate will be concerned largely, though not exclusively, with research into consumer attitudes and motives bearing on advertising and marketing problems; evidence of ability to design, adapt, and utilise psychological procedures for such purposes will therefore be regarded as an important qualification for the post. This general field of research is one which offers considerable scope to the right person. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Full particulars to Director of Research, McCann-Erickson Advertising Limited, Bretten ham House, Lancaster Place, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern District. Applications are invited for the post of Organising Tutor. Salary scale £550-£800. Application Form from: W.E.A., 51 Grainger St., Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Closing date for applications May 7, 1955.

STEVENAGE Development Corporation requires Lettings Assistant—duties interviewing housing applicants, correspondence, etc. Recognized qualification in housing management or Social Science Diploma and previous suitable experience essential. Salary scale according to qualifications and experience—£500/580 or £560/640. Housing accommodation available in due course in an appropriate case. Applications, giving two referees and age, to Chief Administrative Officer, Aston House, nr. Stevenage, Herts, by April 25, 1955.

LONDON County Council invites applications from women for positions of resident Warden and Assistant Warden at a residential hostel in Camberwell for 12 to 18 backward adolescent girls who will go out to daily employment. Warden responsible for general supervision, accounts and stores. Assistant Warden responsible for meals, domestic staff and for deputising for warden when absent. Salary: Warden £510-£605; Assistant Warden £433-£484. Deductions (at present 36s. 2d. a week) for residence. Further particulars and application form (returnable by April 28) from Medical Officer (PH/D.1), County Hall, S.E.1. (432.)

PSYCHOLOGIST (consultant) wants educated woman, 25-35, as research secretary. Salary £9. Dental Surgeon wants secretary/chairside assistant. W.1. Wigmore Agency for Medical Secretaries, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. Tel. HUNter 9951/2/3. No fees.

MARKS & Spencer Ltd. invite applications from women between the ages of 22 and 35 years interested in Staff Management; the posts offered are highly progressive, and can, for women with initiative and imagination, lead to executive positions at top level salaries; academic qualifications are an asset but consideration also given to previous business experience; a period of comprehensive training in the company's system is given, during which time a good salary is paid. Applications should be addressed in writing, giving full details of age, education, qualifications and previous experience to the Staff Superintendent, 82 Baker St., London, W.1. Preliminary interviews may take place regionally throughout the country.

YOUTH Hostels Association require Private Secretary/Committee Clerk to act as personal assistant to National Secretary. Enthusiasm for the Association's ideals and willingness to attend a number of week-end meetings essential. The office will be moving to St. Albans in Autumn, 1955. Applications, stating age, experience (including shorthand and typing speeds), earliest date available and salary required to National Secretary, Youth Hostels Association, Welwyn Garden City, marked "Personal."

NATIONAL Smoke Abatement Society requires an Information Officer, to be in charge of library and give editorial assistance. Writing ability and preferably some scientific knowledge. Salary £400 to £500. Opt. Pension Scheme. Apply by post to Director, N.S.A.S., 30 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited from men or women of good education for the post of Assistant to the Projects Secretary of the National Spastics Society. Experience of committee work and administration an advantage. Applicants must be willing to travel and to attend evening meetings. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications to the General Secretary, National Spastics Society, 44, Stratford Rd., London, W.8, by April 28, 1955.

LIBRARY Assistant required. Minimum starting salary (female) £160, (male) £180, rising to £505 p.a. according to age and exper. Alt. Sats. off. 4½ day, 38 hr. week. Post is perm. & superannuable. Applics. to Borough Librarian, 236 Kingsland Rd., E.2.

ORGANISING Secretary and Warden required by International Community Centre. Organising and administrative ability, some knowledge of book-keeping, interest in social and cultural activities. Commencing salary £500. Write Chairman, Birmingham International Centre, 83 Suffolk Street, Birmingham.

COPYWRITER. Applications are invited for the position of copywriter in the advertising department of leading photographic firm near London. Experience is not essential, but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application. Age not above 30. Non-contributory pension scheme. Box 5934.

ST. Christopher School, Letchworth. Co-educational. Assistant Matron for senior boarding house required immediately. Apply Mrs. King Harris.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9, requires an experienced residential cook. Interested food reform. Own bed-sitting room. Particulars to Secretary.

PUBLISHERS require young lady experienced shorthand-typist with book-keeping experience for their office in S. Kensington. 5-day week. Please write Box 6117.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHEFFIELD City Libraries, Sub-Librarian (General Reference Library) required; duties to include control of the new Assize Courts Library. Applicants must hold the Registration Examination of the Library Association and have had suitable experience. Superannuable post—APT II (£560—£640). N.J.C. service conditions. Medical examination. Applications, on forms obtainable from the City Librarian, Central Library, Sheffield, 1, should be returned, accompanied by copy of one recent testimonial and names of two referees, to the undersigned, by April 28, 1955. John Heys, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

SALESMAN/lady, pref. with car, canvass/interview householders N. England, Scotland for well-known Edinburgh Child Photographer. Excel. salary, commission. Box 6145.

YOUNG Assistant required for Collet's Hampstead Bookshop, 193 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. Interesting job offering training all sides bookselling world. Hours 9.30-6, half-day Thurs. Generous holidays, sick pay & salary in accordance USDAW Agreement—£6 at 20 rising on birthdays to £7 15s. at 24. Write or 'phone PRI. 5811 for appointment.

PERSONAL Secretary (shorthand typist) required by Estate Manager of large multiple stores, London Head Office. Previous experience in Surveyor's or Solicitor's office desirable but not essential. Application in writing stating age, exp., salary to Mr. P. D. Gould, Willsons (L. & P.) Ltd., Universal House, Swallow Place, Oxford Circus, W.1.

LONDON correspondence school will shortly have an opening for a capable secretary (age 21-30). Interesting opportunity for an intelligent woman seeking a congenial post. Write, giving details of age, experience, qualifications and salary required to Box 6136.

SEE Spain Ltd. require hardworking and efficient shorthand typist for very interesting and stimulating work. Office hours 9.15-6 p.m. Sats. 9.30-1. Every 3rd Sat. off. Good salary and concessions for holiday in Spain. Apply in writing to See Spain Ltd., 78 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

SEE Spain Ltd. 78 Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, have the following vacancies: Administrative Manager, Continental Ticket Clerks—previous experience essential, Shorthand-Typist, Secretary/Shorthand Typist. Office hours 9.15-6 p.m. Monday to Friday, 9.30-1 p.m. Saturdays. Every 3rd Saturday free. Good wages and special concessions for Continental holidays. Apply in writing or phone Mr. Newman, MUSeum 5339 for appointment.

NATIONAL Baby Welfare Council (voluntary body) requires secretarial assistant. Interesting varied work, 5-day week, typing and some shorthand. Apply Secretary, 31 Gloucester Place, W.1.

UNBUSINESSLIKE firm of photographers in Hampstead require intelligent person, m. or f., with experience, to look after books letters and administration generally. Full-time. Box 6101.

TELE/Receptionist, hrs. 9-5 no Sats., congenial atmosphere for interested intelligent worker, preferably married woman, £5 per week. Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane St., S.W.1. SLO. 0451. Write or phone for particulars.

SECRETARY Sh.-typist with knowledge of bookkeeping reqd. by architects and designers. Hours 9-5.30, no Sats. High speeds not essent. Good salary depending on qualifications. Write or 'phone Charles Kenrick Associates, 20 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. EUS. 7116.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist for National Charity near Regent's Park. 9.15-5.30. Canteen. £8! Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911 (10 lines).

SHORTHAND - Typist / Booking - Clerk, Travel Agents, Piccadilly. 9.30-5.30. £8 10s. plus 12s. 6d. vouchers! Thousands of jobs like this daily at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911 (10 lines).

BURNETTS Again! Clerk, 20/25, for leading West End Advertising Agents, £7-£8! Thousands of jobs like this daily at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FRENCHMAN residing Britain, adaptable, experienced community life, gardening, various jobs, seeks post with scope manual, social and intellectual work (school, hostel, etc.). Preferably residential and easy reach London. Box 5605.

EXPERIENCED School Secretary requires full- or part-time position. Non-resident. Box 5782.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. Phone ARChway 1765.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

HISTORIAN, Ph.D., specialist Eastern European affairs, fluent Russian, German, French, Italian, seeks interesting work. Please write Box 6071.

WANTED, a job with a difference, lady (25), well-educated, fluent German, good at figures, sh.-typing, driver, mobile, liking for people & travel, seeks a really interesting position. Box 5849.

SHORTHAND/Typing or Typing Dictation, evenings or week-ends. Own machine. 'Phone CUNningham 0197.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

IT'S been a hard winter so book now for your holidays at King Charles I Hotel, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, where you can rely on good food and comfortable beds. Terms 8-11gns.

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 5½gns. wk. Easy train journey from Charing X. Riding stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

CORNWALL, South. Housel Bay Hotel, The Lizard. Most Southerly Hotel in Great Britain. Magnificent coastal scenery. Good food and comfort a speciality. Licensed. Brochure on application.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside, within reach of Eastbourne. Good food; comfy beds; spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Horam Rd. 32).

DEVON. "Fontenaye" Gst. Hse., Combe Martin. Min. sea. Ex. walk/touring cen.

CORNWALL. sea-front, mid-Prom. Safe bathing op. house. H. & c. Bed-Bkfst. £3 15s. Steen, 4 Marine Terrace, Penzance.

KENT. XVth Cent. Yeoman's Cottage. Secluded wooded Downs between Canterbury/Hythe. 5gns. weekly. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted (Tel. 353), Ashford.

EARLY Summer Holidays. Winter terms until end May at Normanhurst, the small quiet hotel in "Britain's Best Climate." 4½/7gns. (inexpensive twin-bedded rooms) fully inclusive. Rec. by rdrs. Cen. htg. everywhere when cool; Slumberlands. Illus. brochures. Vegetarian if desired. Facing Sth. betwn. Pier & Sun-Lounge orchestra. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Also bkng. for Summer. 5½/8gns. Book early. 'Phone: Hastings 4784.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

MULLION, South Cornwall. Mount's Bay Hotel, offers every comfort. Friendly, informal. Club licence. H. & c. all rooms. Brochure with pleasure. Proprietors Mr. and Mrs. R. Poynter.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

CORNWALL. Cliffside, Port Isaac 285. Homely Guesthouse facing sea; farm produce, ev. cons. Excellent catering. 4½-6½gns.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Sea, cliffs, downs. Old Norton House. 8m. luxury hotel, on famous old Green. Rooms of distinction; cent. htg.; excep. food; friendly atmos. 8gns. Brochure. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

WEST Bay, Dorset. 2 double rooms, every convenience, one min. sea. Dinner, bed & bkfast. 6gns. Bridport 311911. Box 5515.

DEVON. Seaside/country holiday overlooking sandy bay. Local produce & poultry. H. & C. Sprung mattresses. Roberts, Higher Peaks, Westward Ho.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½gns. George and Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

MOUNTAIN Guest House, families welcome. Walking, climbing. Good food. Hot water. Paul and Beryl Work, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales.

MOUNTAIN farm, Snowdonia. Beautiful view, rooms and food. Hot baths, log fires. 7gns. inclusive. Box 5819.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7gns. Summer 7½-9gns.

PORTHCURNO, Land's End; uninterrupted views, sandy beaches, good food. 7gns. inclusive. Russell, Carn Voel, Porthcurno, Penzance.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

TREHARROCK, Manor, Cornwall—Continental Holiday now 'midst loveliest beaches on Cornish Riviera. Remarkably sheltered. Vacancies April. Glorious surf-bathing, Polzeath, Sunshine. Safe golden sands. Fishing, boating, sailing in Italian-like villages, Salmon, Trout. T.V. lounge. Billiards. Table tennis. Children's room. Golf (Rock). Open all year. Select. Re-equipped. 5 hrs. London. 11gns. except July-Sept. Superb cooking. Miss Wainwright, Port Isaac 234.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House. Excellent centre for exploring the beauties of Lake District. 1st-class food, friendly atmos. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking. 7½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

LITTLE England Beyond Wales. Comfortable accommodation in Country House on bus routes Pendine, Tenby. Fine coastal scenery. Home produce. Billiards, Tennis. Terms £6 6s. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carms. Telephone: Laugharne 25.

SUMMER Holidays in beautiful Cotswold Manor House, open July 30 to August 27, with evening lectures: "How can we live constructively in our modern age?" Five to 6gns, weekly inclusive. Write Hawkwood, Stroud, Glos.

MOUNTAIN & Hill lovers would delight in this little-known village, easy access. Exc. cuisine, English spoken. Hotel Bären, Kiental, Bernese Oberland, Switzerland.

LUKEY, Parc Wollas, Mullion, C'wall. Vacs. May/June. Nr. beach. Pleas. Mod.

"DRUNKEN Duck," the Inn with a difference. Comfort, good food, air and views unparalleled. Near Ambleside, Lake District. ('Phone Hawkshead 47).

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Blazing log fires welcome you and a friendly staff look after your comfort. Good food is a speciality here. Sharpthorne 17.

OLD Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield, Bucks. Quaker Guest House. Central heating, h. & c. in every bedroom.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac 286. Carn Haven Guest House, facing sea. H. & c. Slumberlands. Pre-war catering. 5½/7gns.

CORNWALL. Happy, care-free holiday in French lady's cottage. 3-4 persons only. ½ mile beach. Well-cooked food. Real personal attn. B.B., dinner at night. 5gns. wk. Mrs. Luxembourg, 3 Polbreen Lane, St. Agnes.

FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures. 3s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

PEMBROKESHIRE: nature-lovers welcomed; beautiful historic house, woods, lakes, farm; modern amenities; sea near all sides; own farm. Lockley, Orielton Nature Reserve, Pembroke.

BOOK holidays now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H. & C. bedrooms. Excellent table, bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Terms mod. Broch.: Mrs. Grenville Holms, Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway, Ireland.

FEW persons taken on author's estate outside Dublin. Lake swimming, fishing, beautiful secluded country. 7gns. Box 5790.

CLEW Bay, W. Coast of Ireland. Enjoy your holidays here this year. Tariff from Avondale House, Mallarany, Co. Mayo.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provencal hotel, beautiful, quiet situation above sandy beach. Modern comforts. 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates to July 15. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

CAPRI.—An Italian family in the mountain village of Anacapri provide the best local wine, best local food and a very inexpensive pension in an inn with magnificent views of the island, only 10 mins. by bus down to the Piazza of Capri. Among those who recommend the inn are Mr. Peter Glenville, Mr. Graham Greene, and Mr. Cavalcanti. Address: Aniello Marinello, Osteria-Locanda Aniello, Anacapri, Capri.

BRITTANY. Etables sur Mer. Spend your holidays in a pleasant countryside. Two sandy beaches, excellent climate. Good French cuisine. Full pension 850 to 1,000 Frs. a day inclusive. Hotel de la Poste, Rue Pasteur.

SPAIN, Costa Brava. Small mod. Pension facing sea. H. & c., good ckg. (No Aug. vacs.) Bella Costa, Llafranch, Gerona.

HOLIDAYS in Switzerland. Saas-Grund, Hotel Monte Rosa. Comfort, excellent food, cheap rates for May, June. 13 frs. all incl. Propr., Family Venetz.

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

PERSONAL

DOCTOR'S daughter, 18, from Germany with fair knowledge of English wishes to spend 12 months with cultured family in London or University town in order to improve her English; willing to act as governess or companion with time off to attend evening classes. References available and required. Reply: MD 56 172, Carl Gabler GMBH., Munich 1, Germany.

WEST Wales (National Park area). Individual tuition for beginners and advanced by experienced modern painter. Work in mountain-side studio; good accomm. near-by picturesque seaside village. Glorious, unspoilt scenery. No "isms." Box 5913.

WRITER wishes room of his own in private house. Box 6132.

COSTA Brava, Blanes, Spain. Villas and flats to let. Details: Dr. Cooper, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

YNG. man, well educ., shs. hol. compan. (m.), 20-25. No politics. Box 5856.

CONVERSATIONAL German in priv. lessons, native Austrian grad. Box 5815.

YOUNG lady graduate, fond of children, dogs, would exercise either/both. Chelmsford, London. Box 5729.

COSMOPOLITAN lady offers informal week-ends Brighton, to another lady. Box 5727.

DEVON holidays for boys age 7-12 with family in country 5 miles from Exeter, with trips to sea and Dartmoor. 5*gns.* p.w. incl. Details Mrs. Horton, Longwood, Tedburn St. Mary, Nr. Exeter.

FRENCH conversation required, exchange basis. Please write Box 5735.

BACHELOR, 30, shs. companions (London) for Continental holiday, July, in taxi. Drivers preld. S.a.e. please. Box 5733.

A PARTIALLY reformed Bohemian (writer of 29) now in advertising, is looking for somewhere to live. Ideally he seeks a self-contained flat, furnished, with a fair sized living-room, a small bedroom, and the usual facilities, in a pleasant—rather than aggressively friendly—atmosphere. A rent of about three guineas would be ideal—Paradise would be expected to come a trifle higher. Offers, suggestions or cynical letters of condolence to Box 5701.

FAMILY seek bungalow or cottage in peaceful & beautiful surroundings, rural or coastal, Britain or Continent, for 2 weeks in summer. Willing rent, or possibly exchange, for spacious ground-floor London flat. Box 5611.

DESIRED by experienced Englishwoman, well-paid translation and/or editing from French, German or Italian; or work as publishers' reader. Box 5774.

EX-Taxi trip through Scandinavia: vacancies for adventurous types. Box 5847.

COMFORTABLE & dependable old Riley going to Spain in Sept. shs. yng. couple willing share expenses. Box 5898.

YOUNG woman seeks home-work without noise, living in flat. Write Box 5910.

FAMILY of 2 (prof. mother & son) wish contact family combined hols. Box 5749.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

COVER girl reqd. for new women's magazine. Free-lance basis. Box 5892.

DOUGLAS V. MORGAN, private astrologer, would send a reliable reading of your life, for birthdate, 10*s.* 6*d.* Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

DISCS from your tape recordings. S.N.P., 59 Bryanston St., W.1. AMB. 0091.

CHILDREN'S Holidays. Parndon Hall, Harlow, again offers country holidays. Ten ponies with resident Instructor, riding meadow, tennis court, extensive grounds. Qualified Matron and teachers give careful supervision and organize games and excursions. April 2 to 27. From 5*gns.* Mrs. K. Clare, J.P.

LEARN to speak French as in France. Box 5879.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni. 'Phone WELbeck 3091 or RICHmond 3286.

READING or writing in a foreign language is all very well, but can you talk? Short intensive conversation courses in all languages. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d.* stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

AIR travel included in 2 weeks' tours starting July 23 Switzerland, July 30 Austria (coach tour Vienna), Aug. 6 Tyrol, Aug. 14 N. Italy, Aug. 28 Yugoslavia. £32 to £42. I.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

PERSONAL—continued

NEW Kinds of Holidays. The special feature of Ramblers' Programme of holidays abroad is our informal tours off the beaten track. We pioneered in North Africa as long ago as 1947—and still our Algerian tour is the best and cheapest outside the "luxury" class. We also offer the most comprehensive, yet cheapest, tour around Spain—only £61 for 24 days, with everything included, even all admission fees, excursions and your visa. For more details, write to Ramblers—see below.

NEW Kinds of Holidays. With Ramblers you can go sailing down the Dalmatian Coast in a fishing boat, you can "sightsee" in Greece, including an eight-day coach tour of the Peloponnese, you can camp on the Riviera or in Corsica. There are also walking tours in the Julian Alps of Yugoslavia, mountaineering holidays in Switzerland and Austria, and, at home, our centre in the Lake District and our field study fortnight on the coast of Pembrokeshire.

NEW Kinds of Holidays. New because they give you the opportunity to visit really out of the way places. New because they are really all-inclusive. New because they are all worked on our system of a reasonable numerical balance between the sexes in each party.

NEW Kinds of Holidays. If you want more information write to us soon. Our programme will tell you more about the tours mentioned above, and many more. Ramblers Assn. Services, 48 (M3) Park Road, Baker Street, N.W.1.

SPRING Sunshine and Alpine Flowers. Follow the sun with one of our parties of professional and university people. Next departures April 30: French Riviera, May 14: Dolomites and Lake Garda, May 28: Austria (Carinthia and Vienna) or Costa Brava and the Balearic Islands, June 11: Switzerland (Rossinière and Ascona), June 18: Yugoslavia or Art-lovers' Holiday near Salzburg. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

CONTINENTAL Holidays. Not mass produced but with all the trouble-free ease of individual arrangement. Various price groups from £20 with special offers on Greece, Italy, The Holy Land. Business & Holiday Travel, Limited (Dept. N.S.), 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 4114.

SKETCHING party to the Tyrol July/Aug. incl. Dolomites & Innsbruck, cond. by Austrian artist. 26*gns.* Details: Four Seasons Travel, 49 Dover St. W.1. GRO. 7853.

HUNGARY, including excursions, concert, etc., 16 days £49 10*s.* 21 days £57. Full programme contains 80 holidays in 18 countries. Send stamp. Holiday Friendship Service, 48 Dalston Lane, E.8. CLI. 3302.

HOLIDAY of a Lifetime by Air and Coach. Fully inclusive 8-day tours Rhineland, Capitals, 5 Countries, or Jersey from 25*gns.* J. D. Hewett & Co., 109 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1. WHI. 3535.

APPLICS. invited to form parties of 8 for fortnightly visits Spanish Med. coast, travelling Volkswagen Microbus. Box 5374.

PARIS-Florence-Venice. 2 seats avail. car lv. May 22, ret. June 5. Box 6014.

EXPLORE the Thames! Dinghy with outboard, full camping equipment for 2, 5*gns.* weekly. Box 5536.

REVEL in the sun (and cheaply) at Cannes, Cadiz, or Seville University Summer School, from 31*gns.* Write now, Mary Sanger, 106 Kensington High St., W.8.

FAMILY Holidays: you and your family will enjoy one of our special family parties by the sea in Britain (Cornwall, Sussex and Wales), in the Austrian Tyrol, on the Italian Adriatic or in Brittany. Erna Low, 47 (NSF) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

YUGOSLAVIA. 15-day grand conducted coach tour visiting Banja Luka, Sarajevo, Dubrovnik, Split, Zadar, etc., £52 15*s.* Greece and the Holy Land. 18-day comprehensive tour by boat from Venice, visiting Athens, Piraeus, Crete, Rhodes, Mykonos, etc., £65. 24-day Holy Land tour by air via Athens, Istanbul, £225. Apply for details & brochure, Apal Travel, Ltd. (Dept. NSN) (In association with See Yugoslavia, Ltd.), 78 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

WEST End Club offers facilities for gatherings, meetings, discussion-groups, etc., to cultural, artistic or social organisations. Rooms available every afternoon and early evening to societies having regular meetings. No direct charge. Contact Sec.: Mandrake Club, 4 Meard St., Dean St., Soho, W.1.

ART Treasures of Italy. Easter in Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome 15 days 35*gns.* departing April 6, also August 14 and 28. Milan-Verona-Mantua-Padua-Venice 40*gns.* August 14. Alpine Flowers in Austria departing July 3, 15 days £31 17*s.* For details please enclose s.a.e. E.T. Association, c/o World University Service, 59, Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

PERSONAL—continued

PENMAN Club Members, throughout the world, receive market advice, and free criticism of all their MSS. S.A.E. for prospectus. No obligation. The General Secretary, Dept. S, Penman House, 378a London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

ALLWAYS Air and Coach Tour of Italy visits Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Capri and gives adequate leisure throughout. Optional extension to Sicily or Ischia. May we send details of this exceptional escorted tour or help you with your independent arrangements? Allways, 17, Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

PAINTING & Modelling: May 6-8 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also Music course. May 10 (midweek): Drama course.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

MEN wear Adhite shoes and be 2ins. taller. Normal appearance. Details: City Shoe Co. (Rm. 80), 147 Holborn, Ldn., E.C.1.

AU Pair posts, pocket money, 3-12 mths., for educ. yng. ladies wil. help chldn., light hswk. in exc. fam. France, Belg., Germ., Canada, U.S.A. Same arrangem. for foreign girls coming to England. Summer bkgs. shd. be made now. S.a.e. Educ. Tour. Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

AN International Festival of Sport and Culture! Yes! It's the Fifth World Youth Festival to be held in Warsaw this August. Only £33 for 3 weeks, £29 for 2 weeks. Write for details today to Dept. N.S., British Youth Festival Committee, 9 Camden High St., London, N.W.1.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1*gn.* to 5*gns.* a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

YOUR Continental holiday starts by viewing the new ideas in Beach and Swim Wear at Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Pl., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Call or send for new 1955 illus. catalogue.

CRUISING on canals. Comf. cruisers for 2-6 people. 6ft. headroom. Choice of 7 routes over 700 miles of canals & rivers. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

OWNER-Driven Dormobile avail. for parties of 6. Tours & Holidays arranged England-Continent. Box 6015.

3 WEEKS London holiday wanted for Swedish boy, 14, exch. or p.g. Box 5962.

CONTRIBUTIONS invited for "New Voice," a forthcoming magazine of general interest for intelligent young people. Short stories and articles up to 2,000 words should be sent to Irene Sternkiel, 11 Christchurch Ave., N.W.6. As the magazine is in the nature of an experiment, it will not be possible to pay contributions to 1st issue.

RIVIERA. 26*gns.* May 28, 15 days, few seats. Pamplona Fiesta, July. Italy, Aug. S.A.E. Nomads, 49a Primrose Gdns., N.W.3.

BURGESS Hill School summer camp in Guernsey, August 2, for three weeks. 16*gns.* incl. air travel. Apply: Secretary, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. HAM. 2019.

COCKAIGNE Club: Social, April 24, 7.30 p.m. Visitors welcome. Whitsun: Dordogne, France; also Prades festival; Côte Basque; Stratford; Edinburgh; Land's End. Russell, 18 Manor Mans., N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

OPPORTUNITY for property-owner Belgravia desiring fair proportion of the World's Great Ones to beat a path to his door by accepting John Vickers, the photographer, as a permanent tenant, moderate rental. Basement or rambling premises ideal. Must incl. one room, 18ft. x 18ft. x 10ft. high min. 29B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

IN cases of Nervous Exhaustion try Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating therapy, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

COWES week at the turn of the century, the "Britannia" with Edward VII at the helm. Lambert & Butler's Straight Cut cigarettes. Made for Halcyon Days, but still as good today. 20 for 3*s.* 11*d.*

NO, I do not insist on long notice, and a call to MAI. 3200 or a message to Finders will tell you how soon I can take that photograph. Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gdns., N.W.8.

THE "Owl & Pussycat" are launching their boat on Sat., April 30, at 8.30 p.m. Parents, Aunts & such, who would like to see colourful, distinctive and really practical clothes for children are welcome. For details 'phone HAM. 5845, or write Box 6135.

PERSONAL—continued

WELL-educated woman, writing exp., typing facilities, desires collaborate technical author. Evgs./week-ends. Box 5950.

FOR French Boy, aged 14, holiday accommodation for six weeks beginning early July with a good English family, with other boys of same age, enabling him to perfect his English. Must be near sea, with good facilities for bathing, riding and sport generally. References exchanged. Write: (Hol. Acc.) M. Gunsbourg, 19 Manchester Street, W.1.

A UNIQUE professional course in film-making technique. Moderate fees. Heatherley Film Unit, 33 Warwick Square, S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts future programmes and special membership terms for married couples obtainable from Sec., I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

A "WESTERN" from the Far East! Don't miss "Girl of the Grasslands," a new film from China showing one day only—April 17—at the Scala Theatre. Details in Entertainments column on back page.

COTE d'Azur. Furnished accommodation, artist's house Antibes. Box 5725.

MAJORCA. Stop Press. We are pleased to announce that after successful negotiations additional air services and accommodation have now been arranged for our heavily booked holidays in Majorca from £51 10*s.*, all inclusive. Write or 'phone immediately for exciting fully illustrated Free brochure to Dept. N.S.15, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CIT. 7163.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA! Wonderful holiday at the health-giving spa of Marianske Lazne. Swimming, dancing, climbing and relaxing amidst glorious scenery. Two days in Prague with interesting excursions and a variety of cultural enjoyments. £46 all in. July 31-Aug. 14 and Aug. 14-28. Send 2½*d.* stamp for Free illustrated brochure to: Progressive Tours, Dept. D, 100a Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. P. J. Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

CAN'T Dance? Then you'll like the friendly new London Dance Institute studio, 37-39 Oxford St., W.1 (Tott. Ct. Rd. end). GER. 3131. Come in today for prospectus.

P.S. Harold Ingham's Summer Schools programme includes courses in Austria, Greece, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Yugoslavia—also special "Musicians' Tours." Period 14-26 days, costs 26½-59*gns.*

P.P.S. Apply now to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Telephone: Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CHINA speaks at the Afro-Asian Conference, April 18. To keep fully informed on this conference and on the affairs of the 600 million of modern China you must subscribe to "China Reconstructs," a monthly illustrated magazine, price 8*d.* from all newsagents. Annual subscription 6*s.* 6*d.* from Dept. D, Collet's Bookshops, 45 Museum St., London, W.C.1.

SUICIDAL strategy of H-Bomb, cause of the Bevan crisis in the Labour Party, fully analysed in "H-Bomb, Labour and Communism," by R. Palme Dutt. April "Labour Monthly." Order 1*s.* 6*d.* all agents. Or 9*s.* half-yearly subscription from NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

"THE Anti-Communist Peril of Waldo Frank," by James L. Brewer. Published by New Christian Books, 93 Argyle St., Halifax, N.S. 1*s.* post paid.

NORTH Africa: Stop French Gestapo Tortures, Forced Prostitution. Read reports published Movement Colonial Freedom, 145 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. 6*d.* each.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"HEALTHY Childhood," by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8*s.* from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS bought. Van collects London area. The Hammersmith B'kshop. RIV. 6807.

READ latest popular psychological works. Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Rd., Crossgates, Leeds. Books for sale.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Kindergarten 17*gns.*, Junior and Senior School 20*gns.*

PINEWOOD. The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter (Hele 390), for children 4 to 11, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Elizabeth Strachan.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 560

MORLEY College. New courses of evening lectures in summer term opening April 18 include: Approach to Ballet (lecture-demonstrations by Franklin White), Art of Conversation (Mrs. A. Blanco White), Psychology of Religion (Mrs. Blanco White), Music Criticism (Arthur Jacobs), Development of 20th C. Music (Anthony Milner), Contemporary British Painters (P. de Francia), Discussion Group on Recent Books (Ormerod Greenwood). Details from College Sec., 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. WAT. 6872.

COURSES for London Univ. Entrance, Inter. & Degree Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B., B.D., etc. Highly qualified Tutors; low fees. Pros. from Registrar, University Correspondence College, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

PAINTING Rooms: Day & Evening Classes, with models. Private tuition if desired. Reasonable terms. 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 7603 or MAI. 7096.

THE F. Matthias Alexander Technique corrects postural maladjustment, which so often causes disorders such as asthma, rheumatism, nervous tension, etc. Mr. P. J. Macdonald, M.A., Cambs., teaches this technique at 90 Ninian Road, Cardiff. Tel. 46515.

JUDO Courses for Beginners. Apply Secretary, The Budokwai, 4 Gilston Rd., S.W.10. (Tel. KEN. 1540 after 3 p.m.)

FIRST-class piano teacher, prof. of the Vienna Academy, accepts beginner and advanced pupils. EUS. 3466, Ext. 63.

THE School of Self Management where you can learn to overcome bad habits of posture, movement and tension. In addition to private lessons there are special classes for housewives, pregnant women, children, and special groups by arrangement, as well as a Training Course for Teachers of the method. Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. Tel. PARk 7222.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

AT Pendley: Apr. 29-May 1, "Shakespeare's Tragedies of Love" Course conducted by Roy Walker. Lectures, discussions, readings. Fee £3. May 20-22, "The English Countryside." Lectures, walks with naturalist. Fee £3. May 27-June 3, Practical Pottery Course for beginners and advanced groups. Lectures, demonstrations, practical work. Fee £7. Full particulars from Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302.)

HOLIDAY Courses, 1955. June 27-July 1: Visits to Somerset Historic Houses. Evening lecturers include Professor Nikolaus Pevsner. Fee £6. July 23-30: Theatre: Drama School for Amateur Actor and Producer, Bristol Old Vic Theatre School. Final enrolment June 10. Fee £10 10s. July 30-August 9: Landscape Painting: Water Colour, Oil and Pastel. Individual tuition in small classes. Fee £11 11s. Held in the beautiful adult college of the Somerset Educ. Committee. Particulars from Warden, Dillington House, Ilminster, Som.

THE Davidson Clinic, Edinburgh (for Analytical Psychotherapy). Joint Summer School with the Guild of Pastoral Psychology, July 27 to August 2, 1955. Subject: "Psychology and Pastoral Work." Guest Speakers: The Rev. Erastus Evans, Baroness von der Heydt, the Rev. W. B. Tavener and the Rev. W. M. D. Thompson. Dr. Winifred Rushforth, Dr. W. P. Kraemer and other members of the Clinic staff will also take part. For full particulars apply the Secretary, 58 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.

PAINTING School, June 4-18. Landscape course under the personal supervision of John Nash, R.A., and Carel Weight, R.B.A. £7 p.w. Numbers limited to 24. Big Wood Holiday Camp, Radley, Abingdon, Berks.

SUMMER School on "Democracy in the Atomic Age." Derbyshire Conference House, Buxton; Aug. 13-20, "The Meaning of Democracy"; Aug. 20-27, "The Challenge to Democracy." Thinkers' Holiday Organization, 8 Kenton St., London, W.C.1.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gertrick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

VACATION plans can include a stay at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, where you will find things to do and people to meet. Send a card for list of holiday courses

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

SUMMER Holiday Courses, Urchfont Manor: week and weekend, May 16-22. "Contemporary Literature." The last 30 years assessed. Problems before the author and critic today. Whitsun: May 27-June 2. "Brains: living and electronic." A discussion of current research and of the implications of "automation" in office and factory. July, August. Children catered for in camp during courses. Subjects include: Opera, Germany, Theatre Week, Exploring Wiltshire, Current Affairs, The Family, Writing for Radio. Apply, The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

CAMBRIDGE Vacation Course on Modern English Literature and Language Practice. A Residential Course of unusual interest for both British and foreign students of English Literature will be held in Hughes Hall, Cambridge, from August 3-24, 1955. Full partics.: F. E. Bell, M.A., Stuart House, Cambridge.

SPAIN. Ronda, Andalusia. Borough Bottega Art Holiday Centre. Tuition David Bomberg. Beginners or advanced. Magnificent site above primitive caves. Mountain expeditions by horse and mule. Terms 7*gns.* wkly. incl. en pension in Ronda. Camping facilities on estate. Partics. Holt, Sec., 30 Steeles Rd., Hampstead. PRI. 9190.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean holiday at Brixen in Thale, with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature, Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty Members of the University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 23*gns.*—21 days, 27*gns.*) covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berth for the night journey, supplement 3rd class 1½*gns.*; 2nd class 2½*gns.* Write for leaflet "1955 Summer Courses," Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

WEST Riding County Council. Bretton Hall, Yorkshire. Course in the Arts for Pupils in Sixth Forms. Bretton Hall was founded as a Training College for Teachers of Music, Art and Drama in 1949 and occupies one of the loveliest estates in South Yorkshire. From July 25 to August 3 inclusive, the staff of the College, under the direction of the Principal, will organise a course in the Arts for boys and girls in, or about to join, sixth forms. Whilst all pupils will pursue one special Art, opportunity will also be provided for practising a second Art and for group work in the Arts generally. Inclusive cost for the course—£5 5*s.* Full particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Principal. Applications must be received by June 7.

HOLIDAY Course for Continental Students. The 9th Course will be held this summer from July 21 until Sept. 1 and is open to young people of all nationalities over the age of 15. Extensive curriculum in English Language and Literature. Graduate staff. Delightful country-house standing amongst pinewoods on coast of a 2,000-acre estate, with direct access to half a mile of private beach. Excellent and plentiful food. All sports. Illustrated prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

LANGUAGE and House Party Holidays for professional people. Write for our special leaflet with details of our arrangements in Britain, Italy, Austria and Spain. Special German language courses at Salzburg. Departures July 3, 10 & 24. Erna Low, 47 (TS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

SELECT Acc./board/residence. Teacher's house. N.W.2. Gard. GLA. 9496, evngs.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. Fro. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

REDECORATED furnished flatlet, one large room, own kitchen and toilet. Fully equipped. Bromley. RAV. 0533.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

TO let, in historic house W.1, charmingly furn. bed-sit. rm., private kitchenette, tel., share bathrm. 3½*gns.* p.w. Highest refs. required. Box 6122.

LARGE, comf. & pleas. room (h. & c. basin) in young couple's Palace Court flat. Full bfast., service. 4½*gns.* BAY. 2091.

FOR business or prof. woman, large well-furn. bed-sit. room, share kitchenette 1 person, period house Richmond, nr. all transport. Also quiet bedroom & sitting room, balcony over gdn., with breakfast. Suit writer or senior teacher. Box 6094.

LITTLE or no rent asked for room, cooking facilities, Barons Court, if tenant home much in day and/or willing do some housework. Box 6031.

ST. John's Wood. Journalist offers to share newly-acquired unfurnished flat. Box 6017.

PARTLY-furnished bed-sitter overlooking woodland for single person, near Bromley North Stn. Own cooking, h. & c., share bathroom. Available end April. Box 5916.

HAMPSTEAD, overlooking Heath, large bed-sit. rm., garden, cooking facs. Const. hot water. £3. Box 5912.

FLAUTIST (f.) offers share flat N.W.3. B/S. Use k., b., piano. 45*s.* Box 5799.

ST. John's Wood. Charming first-floor two-divan room. Concealed cooker & basin. C.H.W. £3 10*s.* weekly. PRImrose 4485.

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FLAT furnished for 4, linen, etc., a/c, 6½*gns.* weekly. 4th floor. WES. 2211. 157 High St., Kensington.

LARGE luxury divan-room, overlooks private gardens, cent. htg., service, young household, 5 mins. Holland Park Tube. 3*gns.* Tel.: PARk 5064.

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SUNNY, very comf. divan-bed-sit., breakfast, 2*gns.* Other meals optional. Mod. quiet house, 25 mins. West End. GLA. 7297.

BED-sitters available to young Univ. or professional people in grad. couple's delightful home facing Barnes Common. Good k. & b. facs. On several bus routes & close r'ly. From 45*s.* 'Phone PRO. 6418.

COMF. double bed-sitting room, use k., b., light, linen. From Apr. 24. £2 15*s.* Ref. GLAdstone 0702 after 7 p.m.

BRIGHT fur. rm. to let, suit bus. girl/stud. 32*s.* 6*d.* Ev. conven. CUN. 5486.

N.W.3, nr. Tube, Attr. B/S., H.C.W., ev. con. 42*s.* Suit bus. pers. PRI. 2979.

2 Large bright rooms, furnished. H.C.W., etc., light, bath. Quiet house, pleasant neighbourhood. Reasonable rent. Particularly suit student or business person. 8 Holly Pk. Gdns., N.3. 'Phone FIN. 0358.

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MUSWELL Hill. Large furnished room offered. Single divan, cooking facilities. Gas fire, own meter. 30*s.* weekly. Suit business lady. Box 5914.

ODD corner on Islington Canal. Semi-basement, div.-sit. room, kitchen-din.-room, contemporary style, sep. entrance, share bathroom, complete privacy; £3 3*s.* wkly. incl., elec., c.h.w., linen, &c. TERminus 0650.

WYE Valley. Furnished cottage. All electric. Spacious garden. £2 per week May-July. Box 5792.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CORNISH Village (unspoiled). Furn. flat. Mod. cons. Sleep 3. Beautiful view Fowey Harbour. Perm. or period. Box 5787.

CARBIS Bay, Cornwall. Caravan vacancies. O'Hara, Seaways, Headland Road.

S. CORNWALL. Cottage to let, fishing village. Elec. cooking, comf. furnishings. Sleep 3. June 4*gns.* p.w.; July, end-August & Sept. 5*gns.* p.w. R. Arthur, "Ship Cottage," Cadgwith, Helston.

LAKE District. To let furnished, short or long periods, May-June, July, old farm nr. Skelwith Bridge. Recently modernised. Sleep 6. Box 5884.

HOUSE to let, May to September inclusive. Modern conveniences. West Coast, Ireland, overlooking Clew Bay. Mrs. O'Toole, Glebe House, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo.

WRITER wishes room of his own in private house. Box 6132.

PROF. wmn. sks. unfur./fur. 1-2 rm. flat. N.W. Lond. £100 *f.* & *f.* Box 5896.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

YOUNG man seeks accomm. in hostel or guest house. London. Box 6187.

YOUNG conductor (grad.) needs London pied-à-terre while working in Continental opera houses. Hilarity guaranteed; thrives on youthful company. Box 6075.

MANCHESTER. Researcher returning fr. abroad July, wife, child, req. fur. acc., access. univ. Willing baby-sit. Box 6077.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

TWO furnished flats in superior residence main road, Stamford Hill, N.16. Redecorated contemporary style. Dinette/living room and bedroom, £3 5*s.* weekly. Box 6053.

ESSEX Creek. Attractive, well-furnished cottage on edge of small beach. 3 bedrooms, main services. Excellent bathing. 7*gns.* June, July. Box 6062.

BURNHAM-on-Crouch. Secluded Elizabethan cottage in beautiful grounds, tel. & all mod. cons. 2 bed., 2 rec., bath, &c. To let furn. for summer months. 6*gns.* p.w. Newitt, Creeksea Pl., B.-on.-C., Essex.

S. CORNISH Coast. Furn. 5-room wing of attractive old house. Compl. det. Own entrance, bathroom, garage. 3*gns.* p.w. year or more. Box 5821

NURSE reqs. unfurn. flat S.E. Quiet house Mayer, 73 Cadogan Gdns., S.W.3.

GRAD. couple require 2/3 room furnished flat, Victoria or S. of Thames, within reach of Penge. Box 5845.

YOUNG business woman, tired of sharing, seeks small unfurn. flat Central London area. Willing purchase *f.* and *f.* Box 5918.

UNF. S.C. flat/house, 4 beds., balcony/garden, reqd. by family three (child 7), returning England July. Surrey, N.W. London/Kensington. 30 mins. West End. Careful tenants. Box 5920.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HAYWARDS Heath District. Modern Residence, secluded position, near shops; London under 1 hour. 2 reception with radiators, 4 bedrooms (basins), bathroom (basin), 3 lavatories, kitchen, main water and electricity; garage (basin); garden and orchard with outbuildings. £5,250. Box 6041.

MISCELLANEOUS

INTERESTED in the guitar? Send for lists of music, albums, books, magazines, etc. Free on request. Clifford Essex, 8 New Compton St., London, W.C.2.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ALDWYCH. TEM. 6404. Evs. 7.30, W. & S. 2.30. Diana Wynyard, Margalo Gillmore, Malcolm Keen in "The Bad Seed."

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "Androcles & the Lion." Last 2 days. Comm. Tu., April 19, "The Midwife," Julius Hay. Tu.-Fri. 7.45, St. 5.30, 8.30.

FORTUNE. TEM. 2238. "The Marvellous Story of Puss in Boots." Dly. to Ap. 23.

RONALD Duncan's "Our Lady's Tumbler," at St. Thomas's Church, REG. 8376, with Robert Eddison. Apr. 25-May 7, 8.30.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "South." Mems. 10s. yrly.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). "Shadow of the Swastika." Fris. & Sats., 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657, Ntly, ex. Mon. 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "This Is It." Mems. 10s. yr. includes guest ticket.

COVENT Garden Opera. Evgs. 7. Season opens April 18 with La Boheme. April 23 Aida. April 25 Troilus and Cressida. (Cov. 1066).

COVENT Garden. Sadler's Wells Ballet. Evgs. 7.30. Mat. Sats. 2.30. April 16 & 19 Sylvia. April 20 & 22 Checkmate, Madame Chrysantheme, 3 Cornered Hat. April 21 Coppelia.

SADLER'S Wells (Ter. 1672) Evgs. 7, Mat. Sats. 2.30. April 16 mat. Coppelia, evg. La Traviata. April 18 & 20 Katya Kabanova. April 19 Danses Concertantes, Blood Wedding, Selina. April 20 Don Giovanni. April 22 La Traviata.

COWDRAY Hall, 1 Henrietta Pl., W.1. New Opera by James Butt, "Laughter of the Gods," concert perf. Mon. Apr. 18, 7.30.

BULGARIAN State Song and Dance Company of 110, Winter Garden Theatre, Drury Lane, W.C.2, for a limited season. Mon. to Fri. at 7.45, Sats. at 5.30 and 8.30. Circle 16*s.* 6*d.*, 13*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.* Stalls 13*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* Balcony (unreserved) 2*s.* 6*d.* For party bookings all seats (except Balcony) reduced 1*s.* from Box Office, Hol. 8881/9020, Chs. 3875.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: ARC. 6595.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until April 17: "Windfall in Athens" (U). From April 18: Uncut version "The Wages of Fear" (A).

STUDIO One. Disney's Vanishing Prairie (U). 12.55, 3, 5.15, 7.30, 9.45, &c.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., Apr. 16. Ava Gardner, Howard Keel in "Show Boat" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8.

TWO Films from China! London Première of "Girl of the Grasslands" and "Chinese Folk Games" in the presence of the Charge d'Affaires of the Chinese Peoples Republic. Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. Sunday, April 17, 7 p.m. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.* from Education Committee, Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1, or Scala.

I.C.A. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Novelettes," Sat., April 16, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3*s.*, guests 5*s.* Mem'ship invited.

"BUY for Peace"—British Peace Committee Spring Fair, Holborn Hall, April 15, 6-10 p.m.; April 16, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. International Goods, Stamps, Bookcases, Coffee Tables, modern table lamps and shades. All at bargain prices.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Weekly Bach concerts and organ recitals. Wednesdays at 5.45 until May 25, April 20: Geraint Jones Singers and Orchestra (Conductor Geraint Jones). Leaflets giving full programmes and tickets from Hall (WAT. 3191) and Agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Saturday, 8 p.m., April 23. Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Overture, Les Francs-Juges, Berlioz; Concerto for Cello and Orchestra in B minor, Op. 104, Dvorak. John Kennedy. Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68, Brahms. Tkts: 12*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.* from Hall (WAT. 3191) and usual Agents.

NATIONAL Youth Orchestra of Great Britain. Royal Festival Hall, Thursday, April 21, at 8. Overture, Ruy Blas (Mendelssohn); Piano Concerto in D minor (Bach); Prelude and Toccata (Gordon Jacob) (First Performance); Symphony No. 5 (New World) (Dvorak). Soloist: Wendy Waterman. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tickets: 12*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.*, from Hall (WAT. 3191), Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1. (WEL. 8418.)

BACH Concert. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. This Sat., April 16, 8.15. (WAT. 3191.)

PIANO Quartets: Mozart K.478; Brahms Op. 60; Dvorak Op. 87. London Piano Quartet. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Sat., April 23, 8.15. (WAT. 3191.)

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Tuesday, April 19, at 8. Piano Recital by Mary Baddeley. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy. 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.*, at doors. Mgt. N. Choveaux, 28 Bury Walk, S.W.3.

CONCERTS—continued

ROYAL Festival Hall, Thurs., May 5, at 8 p.m. Schubert—Mass in G; Finzi—Dies Natalis; Fauré—Requiem. Eric Greene, Pauline Brockless, John Cameron. London Choral Society, Kalmar Chamber Orchestra. Cond.—John Tobin. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

MAGGIE Teyte. 49th Anniversary Concert. Royal Festival Hall, Sunday Aft., April 17, at 3. Assisted by David Bell, Pianoforte; Norman Feasey. Tickets: 12*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, from Hall (WAT. 3191), Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1. (WEL. 8418.)

WIGMORE Hall, Thursday, April 21, at 7.30. Derrik Olsen Baritone, Jacques Horneffer Pianoforte. Programme includes Songs by Schubert, Wolf, Debussy, Ravel, Liebermann. Tickets 9*s.*, 6*s.*, 3*s.* at hall, WEL. 2141, or agents. Management Ingpen & Williams, Ltd., 31 Clarges St., W.1.

WIGMORE Hall. Friday next, April 22, at 7.30. Harold Holt, Ltd., announce First Appearance in England of Eileen Flissler, American pianist, in works by Czerny, Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms, Debussy. 9*s.*, 6*s.*, 3*s.* at Hall, Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

WIGMORE Hall. Mon. next, April 18, at 7.30. Harold Holt, Ltd., announce First Appearance in England of Aaron Rosand, American Violinist, with Eileen Flissler, pianoforte. Programme includes works by Beethoven, Walton, Saint Saens, Wieniawski. 9*s.*, 6*s.*, 3*s.* at Hall, Wel. 2141 & Agents.

WIGMORE Hall, Sat., April 23, at 7.30. The English Opera Group presents Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten, assisted by Anne Wood (Contralto), Dennis Brain (Horn). Songs by Britten (including new Canticle), Bridge, Ireland and Warlock. Tickets: 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.*, at Hall. (WEL. 2141.)

POLISH Music at the Indian Students' Union, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. 7.30, Thurs., April 21. Emelie Hooke, Robert Collet, Cyril Chapman, Patrick Piggott in songs by Szymanowski (Slopiewnie & Songs from Kurpie) and 1st perfs. of works for clarinet and piano. Tickets 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.* & 2*s.* 6*d.* at door & from Polish Institute LAN. 1417.

LIFE and Music (from Napoleon to the present day). Second of two lecture-recitals by Yvonne Enoch, pianist. Wednesday next, April 20, at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.*, at doors. Management Nicholas Choveaux, 28 Bury Walk, S.W.3.

KYNASTON School of Pianoforte (Leschetizky); Students' Concert, Wimbledon Town Hall, Thursday, April 28, at 7.30 p.m. Invitation Programmes from 21 Denmark Avenue, S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

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EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s.* 6*d.*, post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With." Granada, Kettering, until April 24. Admission free.

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Hans Christian Anderson Exhibition. Daily 11-5. Thursdays 11-8, Non-members, 1*s.* 3*d.*

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Recent Works by Edward Burra. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhibitions by John Hersey and Stanley Lench.

PARSONS Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Paintings by Eileen Seyd, Valerie Beere, & Francis Lymburner. Part proceeds to U.N.I.C.E.F. Hours 10-5, Mon. to Fri., April 13-29. Adm. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

AN exhibition, "Aspects of Italian Design," will be held from Monday, April 18, for two weeks in the "Modern Interiors" on the third floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1. It will include furniture, fabrics and pottery as shown at the Tenth Triennalle at Milan.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Twentieth Century Masters—Boccioni, Braque, Klee, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Severini, etc. Ext'd. to April 27.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings: Joe McGill & others. 11-5.30.

HEAL'S New Designs—1955. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, electric fittings, pottery, etc., by leading designers, Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings by Raymond Guerrier. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes April 30.

"PARIS-Londres" Pictures acquired recently in France by Degas, Renoir, Pissarro, Bonnard, Forain, Modigliani, Brianchon, etc. 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton Street, W.1.

EXHIBITION of Maps and Atlases. The Times Bookshop, Wigmore Street, W.1. April 20 to May 7 (9 a.m.-5.30 p.m.; Sats. 9-1 p.m.).

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Exhib. Paintings by Manolis Calliyannis.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures by Jean Dubuffet. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Mems. free. Adm. 1*s.*

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Bearsted Collection. Closing April 17. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Modigliani Drawings: Pajetta Paintings. Closing April 23.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"ANY Questions?" Subject: "Great Britain and the Middle East." Panel: Captain Julian Amery, M.P., the Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Mr. S. S. Hammersley, Professor L. F. Rushbrook Williams, C.B.E. Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Lord Pakenham. At the Royal Society of Arts, Adelphi, on April 26 at 6 p.m. London members free: others 2*s.* Tickets from Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

SOVIET Legal Education. E. L. Johnson. Chair: Dr. A. Kiralfy. Tues. Apr. 19, 7 p.m. Royal Scottish Corporation, Fleur-de-Lis Court, Fetter Lane, Fleet St., E.C.4. Arr. by Anglo-Soviet Law Association, Society for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.* (S.C.R. members 1*s.*).

LONDON Natural Health Society—3rd Mon. each month, 7.29 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Apr. 18: R. G. Barrett, "The Case for Medical Herbalism." Adm. free.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. April 17: "Theosophy and the Family."

J. HUTTON Hynd: "Religion Without Morals." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., April 17, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

"MALAYA—and the Leech," Lt. Col. Nicholas Read-Collins, New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, Nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon., April 18, at 8.

"RICHARD III: His True Character," by Audrey Williamson. Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Fri., Apr. 29, 7 p.m. Adm. 2*s.* 6*d.* Presented by Shaw Society, 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. E. K. Ledermann on "The Adlerian Approach to Neurosis," Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Thurs., April 21, at 7.30 p.m.

"DELINQUENTS and Their Neighbours." Dr. John C. Spencer, Wed., April 20, at 7 p.m., at St. George's Institute, Bourdon St., W.1. Tickets 2*s.* at door or from I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"RAWSTHORNE'S Music," Bernard Stevens, Prof. Royal College Music, illus. by Kyla Greenbaum piano, by W.M.A. Singers singing "The Canticle of Man" and by excerpts 2nd Piano Concerto and Symphonic Studies, 7.30 Sun., Apl. 17, at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq. 2*s.* 6*d.*

REMEMBER Lidice! A British Rose Garden will be planted in Lidice in June. The official handing over of the roses will take place at Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1, on Thursday, April 21, 7.30 p.m. The Czechoslovak Chargé d'Affairs, the Lord Mayor of Coventry, the Mayor of Lidice and the Rev. Jack Putterill, Vicar of Thaxted, will be among the speakers at this moving ceremony of friendship and remembrance. Other speakers include Dr. Barnett Stross, M.P. for Stoke on Trent, Mrs. Mabel Ridealgh, representing Women's Co-operative Guild, Mr. A. Horner, representing the Nat. Union of Mineworkers, Bishop Novak, Prof. Hromadka and Mr. Andrej Bagar.

"ANY Questions?" Put them to the experts from the 3 political parties & an impartial fourth. At Central Jewish Lit. Group, Wed., April 20, Folman's, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. 7.45 for 8 p.m. prompt. Visitors welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., April 20, A.G.M. (members only); April 27, 7.30 p.m., Douglas Jay, M.P., "The Budget." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors to latter meeting, 2*s.*

STOP the Tests: Dangers of nuclear warfare and experiments. Michael Foot, M.P.; M. J. Moore, M.Sc.; Dr. Barnett Stross, M.P.; Chair, E. P. Bell. 7.30, April 20, St. Pancras Town Hall. Admission 1*s.* at door. Union of Democratic Control in co-operation with London Co-operative Political Committee.

SIR Norman Angell, K.T., on "The Problem Now: Defence without War." International Arbitration League. Public meeting, Caxton Hall, Fri. April 22, 8 p.m.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., April 19, 8.15 p.m. Discussion: "Dubuffet." Speakers, Patrick Heron, Dr. J. P. Hodin, James Kirkup, Roland Penrose, Peter Smithson. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Members 2*s.*, guests 3*s.* Membership invited.

H-BOMB and U.N. J. Avery Joyce, Dr. A. D. Belden. Kensington Town Hall, Tu., Apr. 19, 7.30. Crusade for World Govt.

ALL Nations Social Club. "Some Reasons for our Variable Weather," by Dr. J. S. Farquharson, M.A., D.Sc. (Asst. Director, Meteorological Office), Wed., April 20, 8 p.m., at 83 Chiltern Street (near Baker St. Station). Questions & Discussion. Non-members 1*s.* 6*d.* at door.

BUDDHIST Society. Wednesday, April 20, 6.30 p.m. Special Public Meeting at Junior Institution of Engineers, 14 Rochester Row, S.W.1. (Behind Army and Navy Stores.) "The Buddhist Sangha and the Bhikkhu's Life." The Bhikku Kapilavaddho.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Apr. 15. Mrs. Vicky Haynes, "Some origins of Wine." Friday, Apr. 22. R. E. Prentice, B.Sc., "The Budget." Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m. Apr. 17. Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., "The Importance of the Individual." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m. Sunday, April 17. King's Weigh House Church, Binney Street, W.1. Nr. Bond St. Station.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15 p.m., Fri., Apr. 22. Mr. Hugh J. Schonfield, "Commonwealth of World Citizens." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. April 23 at 6 p.m. Mme. Felix Boillot (Alliance Française): Coutumes & moeurs locales en France.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Fri., Apr. 22, 8 p.m. Rev. Antoni Blum, "The Enigma of Russian thinker Federoff."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ARTHUR Segal's Painting School. Summer term: April 25-July 29. Segal method proves that "Everyone can Learn to Paint." Morning/evening/weekend open-air classes for beginners and advanced students. Limited number. Particulars from Secretary, 1 Englands Lane, N.W.3. PRI. 2686.

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LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 561

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 556-7-8-9

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